

MATT HELM

by
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Based on: DEATH OF A CITIZEN
By Donald Hamilton

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FADE IN:

CLOSE ON:

The face of MATT HELM, filling the screen. He's rugged, has a strong jaw and hard eyes. BLOOD, not his own, is spotted across his face and the bridge of his nose. His expression is one shade away from insanity. He's breathing hard.

The CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK to reveal we are inside...

AN ELEVATOR:

Standing next to Helm is a stunningly beautiful woman, TINA. She is wearing a torn dress, which is barely covering her tight body. She also has blood on her face which is not her own.

TINA

Let me ask you a question.

HELM

Shoot.

TINA

Were you spanked as a child?

HELM

Sure.

TINA

Mom or dad?

HELM

I was a "wait until your father gets home" type of kid.

TINA

Belt or hand?

HELM

Hand. He'd say, "This is going to hurt you a helluva lot more than it hurt me."

She leans in...

TINA

(seductively)

So that's where you learned it.

The CAMERA TRACKS DOWN and now we see the source of the blood...

...TWO DEAD GUYS lie at their feet, their heads smashed in. A bloody pillowcase lies next to them, ball bearings spilling out of it.

TINA (CONT'D)

You always ask the program for five items?

HELM

Yeah. Five things I need to get the job done.

TINA

I figured item number two, the ball bearings, would come into play... but I'll admit I had no idea why item number 3 was a pillowcase with an 800 thread count.

HELM

Who doesn't like nice sheets?

TINA

You're not right in the head.

HELM

You should worry more about the ones who are.

Matt reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out an old fashioned transistor radio. The kind that just requires one 9 Volt.

He clicks it on and an old RICK SPRINGFIELD SONG plays.

HELM (CONT'D)

Item number four.

TINA

You gonna kill him with shitty music?

HELM

Something like that.

Just then... the ELEVATOR DINGS, and the doors open revealing...

AN EMPTY HOTEL CORRIDOR:

They step out and move to an old hotel door marked with the number 1542.

TINA
And item number five?

Helm pulls his sleeve back exposing a new WATCH.

HELM
Rolex. Kill 'em with class.

TINA
It looks good on you. Not as good as I
look on you. But good.

Matt smiles...

HELM
Ready?

Tina rolls her eyes then readies herself.

Matt pops open the back of the transistor radio, exposing the wires. He then shreds some of the casings exposing the thin copper wires right next to the battery.

That done, Helm knocks on the door.

IN THE HOTEL ROOM:

A fat guy named RAMSEY comes out of the bathroom with a nervous look on his face. He looks at a pistol he has resting on a bureau.

RAMSEY
(calls out nervously)
Yeah? Who is it?

From the other side of the hotel door...

HELM (O.S.)
I got a Fed Ex for you, sir.

RAMSEY
Leave it by the door.

HELM (O.S.)
Yes, sir.

Ramsey snatches up the pistol and starts to move cautiously across the carpet.

He's obviously nervous, sweating; he slowly creeps toward the door, trying not to make a sound.

He gets down on one knee... no shadows underneath the frame.

He stands again and moves toward the little eye-hole. Closer, closer, he's about to look through it...

...and THE CAMERA TRACKS through the door to the other side of the eye-hole...

...where we now see Helm has wired up his side of the eye-hole with the wires from the radio.

Ramsey puts his eye up to the eye-hole... and... ZAP!!!

RAMSEY

AHHHHHH!

He wrenches back from it, having just been shocked in the eye... and...

BAM!!! The door is kicked open, and Matt and Tina spring into the room...

Like lightning, Helm quickly takes the gun from the guy's hand and in two seconds has him face-down on the bed with the gun to the back of his head.

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

AHHHHHH... you fucker! You fucking electrocuted my eye!

HELM

Shut up.

Ramsey breathes hard from his prostrate position, his eye swelling shut, as Helm straddles his back.

HELM (CONT'D)

You got one chance to keep me from pulling this trigger. You tell me where Austin is and we'll walk out of here...

RAMSEY

What? I don't know no fucking Austin...

HELM
All right, then...

Matt takes off his watch like he doesn't want it to get messy, stuffs it in his pocket, gets the pistol ready.... starts to pull the trigger, when...

TINA
Wait.

HELM
What?

TINA
This isn't him.

HELM
What?

TINA
He's not the guy.

HELM
Like hell he isn't.

TINA
I really don't think it's him. Our guy had a different jaw.

RAMSEY
Listen to her, man...

Helm clips him in the back of the head with the butt of his gun... Ramsey HOWLS...

HELM
Shut the fuck up...
(to Tina)
Listen to me. This is the guy.

TINA
I don't think so.

HELM
What the fuck do you know?

TINA
I know I want to be sure.

Ramsey's good eye darts around as he knows his life depends on this conversation.

HELM

I'm telling you, this is the guy. And my orders are to find out from him where Austin is, or kill him if he doesn't tell me. Since he won't tell me I'm going to put a bullet in his head. If you don't have the gut for this...

TINA

Fuck you, Matt.

She eyes Ramsey again then shakes her head.

TINA (CONT'D)

This isn't about my gut. You're wrong.

HELM

You know where the door is.

She storms out... Ramsey watches her go, realizes what this means...

RAMSEY

WAIT!!! DON'T LEAVE ME WITH THIS
MANIAC...

HELM

Okay... last chance, Ramsey... where is
Austin?

Ramsey squeezes his eye tight...

RAMSEY

I told you, I don't...

Wrong answer... BAMMM!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOUNTAIN - DAY

Matt stands at a railing next to a huge, quiet European fountain. He's soon joined by an older man named PROPEs who looks very serious and officious.

PROPEs

You're being reassigned. Domestically.

HELM

I don't have a say in this?

PROPES

We want you to set up in the suburbs
somewhere. Get to know the neighbors.
Get a job. Blend in.

HELM

What about Tina?

PROPES

I'm handling her.

HELM

For how long?

PROPES

What?

HELM

How long am I supposed to "blend in."

PROPES

Get comfortable, Matt. Buy a house even.

HELM

Buy a house?

Propes starts to walk off...

HELM (CONT'D)

Propes...

Propes stops, turns around.

PROPES

Yeah?

HELM

Was I right? Was that Ramsey I shot
yesterday?

PROPES

(ignores the question)

Don't do anything until we call you.

And with that, he walks away... leaving Matt to watch him
go.

FADE OUT:

For a moment, the screen is black. On the center of the
screen, the only words are:

THREE YEARS LATER

...and then they fade back to black. Soon we...

FADE BACK IN:

INT. CREDIT OFFICE - DAY

Matt, dressed in a casual shirt and jeans, sits uncomfortably across from an officious CREDIT OFFICER.

CREDIT OFFICER

I just need to ask you a few preliminary questions and then we'll see what kind of loan we can get you qualified for. So you're been renting for...

HELM

Three years.

CREDIT OFFICER

Nothing like owning your own home.

HELM

That's what I hear.

CREDIT OFFICER

Let's see...

He starts checking boxes...

CREDIT OFFICER (CONT'D)

Mr. Matthew Helm... male... white... okay... birth date?

HELM

Five-Six-Seventy.

CREDIT OFFICER

That's easy to remember!

He snorts, but Matt doesn't crack a smile. Chagrined, the credit officer returns to his application.

CREDIT OFFICER (CONT'D)

Okay... occupation?

HELM

Retired.

CREDIT OFFICER
Really? So young. What did you do
before?

HELM
I assisted people before they died.

The credit officer raises his eyebrows.

CREDIT OFFICER
At a hospice?

HELM
A private contractor.

CREDIT OFFICER
How long ago was that?

Matt blows out a long breath.

HELM
Three years ago tomorrow.

CREDIT OFFICER
Huh. Well... so you're not currently
working?

HELM
No.

CREDIT OFFICER
And not a lot in savings either. Hmmm.
This isn't the kind of application we
typically look for.

Matt uncrosses his legs and leans forward.

HELM
You know what? I think we can save a
little time if I tell you a story.

CREDIT OFFICER
Excuse me?

HELM
Bear with me. This is a hypothetical,
and it may shed some light on our
situation. Hypothetically, a person
could come into your office and ask for a
loan to buy a new house.

(MORE)

HELM (CONT'D)

Hypothetically, that person might know that your name is William Kyle Holbrook and that you live at 1207 Stratford Lane in a white house that looks like the trim could use some painting.

The Credit Officer's eyes start to bug out. Matt holds his gaze, his face icy.

HELM (CONT'D)

That same person might also know you have a wife named Lola and one child, a boy named Scott, that your savings account right now has less than \$32,000 in it, that your ATM password is 4123, that you eat at the same restaurant every week, Murphy's Roadside Grill, and order a chicken fried steak special, that your security alarm at home is a Kennevolt 3000, second edition, and that you own a gun but you've never fired it.

CREDIT OFFICER

(stammers)

How do you...

HELM

I'm just talking hypothetically here. That same person might also know you don't need to pass this loan application up to corporate, you have a red stamp in your right desk drawer that says "approved," and if you ever breathe one fucking word about this meeting or why you approved this loan to anyone, he would find that out and his job as a... oh let's call him a... "hospice" worker, might come into play at the worst possible fucking time for you.

The Credit Officer swallows hard. The CAMERA PUSHES in tighter and tighter on his face, as a bead of sweat starts to roll down his temple and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - DAY

A "For Sale" sign is ripped out of the ground by Matt in front of a gorgeous two story COLONIAL HOME.

He looks up at his new house, actually proud of his new place.

A MOVING TRUCK pulls into the driveway just as Matt opens the front door.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - LATER

Helm is surrounded by boxes as four large MOVERS unload the truck around him. He doesn't have a lot of furniture, just bachelor type stuff.

He's sitting on a work-out bench, using it for a chair, with a LAPTOP in his lap, but the computer is frozen. He flips it over, presses various buttons, but just keeps getting the spinning wheel that indicates the damn thing isn't working.

One of the movers, a gruff guy named ANDERSON approaches...

ANDERSON

Ummm... Mr. Helm...

Matt looks up, pissed about the computer. He gives Anderson an unfriendly glare...

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

I just need to go over something with you. See... you hired three guys, but we had to add an extra mover because of the stuff you had in the shed behind your apartment you didn't tell us about. And even with the fourth guy, it still took us five hours over the estimate. This is going to cost a little more than we quoted you.

Matt nods, knows where this is going. He gets up and moves over to a box in the living room marked "Handle With Care."

Anderson keeps right on talking...

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Anyway... like I was saying... we've gone over estimate a good piece... and you didn't tell us about the storage shed...

Matt reaches into the box and starts pulling out HANDGUNS... not one, not two, but every type of handgun you can imagine... Colts, Berrettas, Smith & Wessons...

...he starts laying them out on a small coffee table, his one piece of furniture in the room. Anderson can't take his eyes off the guns...

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

...see now... we usually charge time and a half for the extra work...

Matt, still ignoring him, starts popping out clips and slapping them back in, racking the guns, loading the cylinders on the revolvers, all with such lightning quick movements that it dazzles the eye.

Anderson's jaw goes slack.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

You know what? Fuck National Movers. Fuck the company, you know what I'm saying. They always try to pull this shit, make us ask for over the estimate, send extra guys and blame it on the customer. But what do I say? The customer's always right. Damn straight. Let's just call this job good and done. We got paid fairly, and we'll get outta your hair. If you'll sign right here...

Matt pulls an ASSAULT RIFLE out of the box...

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Or you know what? Forget signing... we good. C'mon boys. Job well done. You got a lovely place here, Mr. Helm. I think you'll be real happy once you...

He doesn't even finish the sentence, just backs out of the front door with his men.

Matt watches them go through the window, never cracking a smile. His eyes then fall on a box beneath the window marked simply: "Letters."

He opens the box and now we get a look at what's inside... stacks and stacks of letters... all addressed to different business locations: "Jimmy's Donut Hole in Trenton, New Jersey," "Bob's Bike Shop in Tuscon, Arizona," "Herrmann's Record Store in Richardson, Texas."

They all share one thing in common: stamped in red ink across each unopened envelope are the words: "Return to Sender." Matt flips through them, shaking his head.

He opens one envelope, unfolds the letter inside, and we catch a few of his hand-written words...

"Dear Mr. Propes... eager for my next assignment... please contact me..."

Just then, the DOORBELL rings...

AT THE DOOR:

Helm opens the door to find a MEXICAN TWENTY-SOMETHING named FERNANDO standing there with a clipboard...

FERNANDO

(by rote)

Hello, sir. How are you? My name is Fernando Naranjos and I'm selling magazine subscriptions today in order to benefit the Urban Reclamation project. Can I interest you in a subscription?

HELM

Who sent you?

FERNANDO

What?

HELM

Was it Propes? Because I'm ready.

FERNANDO

Who the fuck is Propes, holmes?

Matt eyes the kid a little longer and then shuts the door in his face.

IN HIS LIVING ROOM:

Matt reaches into his pocket and takes out a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE, pops the lid and takes a couple of pills, dry.

Next, he moves back to the "Letters" box and pulls out some STATIONARY and a PEN before sitting back down on the work-out bench...

"Dear Mr. Propes, I'm hoping this letter finds you. As always, I'm eager to get back into business..."

The CAMERA MOVES OVER to his laptop, where the circle is still spinning on the monitor, and that circle becomes...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEST BUY - DAY

...the front tire of Matt's pick-up truck as it pulls into the parking lot of the local Best Buy.

He gets out of the truck carrying the laptop and heads...

INSIDE BEST BUY:

...where he stops and checks his bearings. The place is a zoo; PEOPLE are everywhere. Keeping his facial expression completely neutral, he focuses in on a few particular men in the crowd...

...A large, white BEST BUY GUY (30) cutting open boxes of DVDs. The back of his shirt crimps as he crouches over... is there a gun hidden there?

...A black CHECK OUT GUY (35) eyeing Matt, then looking away furtively...

...A SECURITY CAMERA staring right down at him...

We get the feeling Matt might be a little paranoid, and he doesn't like it. He shuts his eyes tight... opens them... looks back at the workers he was checking out and they all appear perfectly normal.

Finally, Matt's eyes settle on the CUSTOMER SERVICE COUNTER off to the side. He heads that way.

IN THE CUSTOMER SERVICE LINE:

A guy is in line in front of him, and although there are five stations available at the customer service counter, only one apathetic looking TEENAGE GIRL is at the counter.

Matt's eyes continue to take in the store. The guys he was looking at before are gone.

He notices three TEENAGE BOYS wearing blue Best Buy shirts who aren't helping anyone, just having an engaging conversation about God knows what as they ignore all the customers around them. Nothing unusual there.

A voice belonging to a woman named BARBARA pops up behind him.

BARBARA

You'd think instead of sitting around playing slap and tickle they could put another person over here at the support desk.

Matt turns to see a cute woman holding a printer. The line behind him has grown to include a few more customers.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

I'm Barbara, busted printer.

Matt takes her in... just as we think Matt's paranoia is getting the best of him and he's going to tell her to fuck herself...

HELM

Hey. I'm Matt, frozen laptop.

BARBARA

I think I saw you moving in on Sandalwood... big green moving truck... or at least a guy who looked like you.

HELM

That was me.

BARBARA

Where you movin' from if you don't mind my asking?

HELM

I've been all over the place... time to settle down I suppose.

BARBARA

Well, welcome to suburb hell. Four dollar lattes on every corner and soccer moms who drive like they're trying to win the pole at Indy. You're up.

She points over his shoulder, indicating it's his turn.

Matt shuffles forward, and starts to open his mouth when the girl behind the counter holds up one finger, picks up her phone receiver and starts talking on it.

Her name badge reads "SHARLA."

SHARLA

Ed, it's Sharla. Yo. Tell me something... how much longer am I gonna have to work the suck desk? You promised me a break fifteen minutes ago. Well is Chad here? What about Kenneth? I can see Kenneth right now hiding in the mobile phone aisle. Jesus, Ed... I'm starving. Literally starving...

Just then, Matt reaches over the desk, grabs the cord on the phone receiver, and starts strangling Sharla with the black cord, pulling it tight, choking the life out of her! Her eyes bug out, she gasps for air, and then...

...WHAM! We realize it's only a vision of what Matt wanted to do, not what he did. Instead, he still listens to Sharla prattle on the phone. While she talks, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out that prescription bottle. He takes a couple of pills dry, closes his eyes, and waits for the world to right itself.

SHARLA (CONT'D)

Uh-huh. Uh-huh. What about one of the new guys? You know what, Ed? Screw it. Keep me here till 5, see if I care. Uh-huh. Okay. Yeah... where you want to go? Chilis? Nah, how about Fuddruckers? Oh, you're nasty! Okay... yeah... okay... love you too.

With that, she hangs up and types away at her keyboard for fifteen maddening seconds before finally lifting her eyes to acknowledge Matt...

SHARLA (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

Matt glares at her.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEST BUY PARKING LOT - DAY

Helm walks through the lot toward his pick-up truck, still carrying his laptop... he just gets to the driver's door when...

BARBARA
Hey, frozen laptop!

He looks up to see Barbara about to get into her own car, a few feet away.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
They figure out what bug was in your system?

HELM
Only after I pay the seventy-five dollar "diagnosis" fee. Then if I leave it here 7 to 10 days, the brain-trusts at Best Buy will let me know if my computer can be fixed. I told 'em not to bother.

BARBARA
The bastards get you coming and going.

She looks down at her feet, then back up at him with a smile.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
You know what? You want to drown our sorrows in one of those four dollar lattes? There's a Starbucks right next door itching to take our money...

Matt mulls it over, then, tosses the laptop into his truck...

HELM
(smiles)
Do they have just coffee?

He shuts the driver's door and they start walking toward an adjacent Starbucks.

BARBARA
Sure. Pick a flavor from any one of the ten poorest countries in the world.

Matt laughs, this girl is --

BAMMMM!

Dead.

Barbara topples over as bullets rip through her back...

Shocked, Matt spins to find the white Best Buy Guy who had the crimp in his pants holding a smoking pistol. His name is FRANK, and he quickly swings the gun around to Matt and has it aimed point-blank at his forehead.

FRANK
Easy there, Superfly.

Matt takes it all in... Barbara's bleeding corpse, people scrambling in the parking lot for safety, and then those old juices flow and WHAM!!!!...

He rears his head back and actually head-butts the gun right out of Frank's hand and into his own!

...Frank wasn't ready for that, nor is he ready for the haymaker Matt throws... WALLOPING Frank in the jaw, spinning him.

Matt unloads Frank's gun at him, missing as Frank dives behind a parked minivan.

Before Matt can go after him, he's nailed by the front bumper of a black BMW which knocks him to the sidewalk and sends the gun flying.

He scrambles up off the pavement, just as...

...Frank form tackles him off his feet and they SMASH through the front window of Starbucks!

INSIDE STARBUCKS:

...they plow into the counter, Frank pile-driving Matt into the side of it. Frank backs up to pulverize him but...

...Matt reaches up and grabs a latté sitting on the counter and hurls it into Frank's face...

...but Frank ducks low, avoiding severe burns, and catches Matt with both hands under his chin, choking him back into the counter. Desperate, Matt reaches over and grabs the steam nozzle on the cappuccino maker, twisting it into Frank's eyes...

FRANK

AAAAhhhhh!

Frank releases his grip and Matt uses the opportunity to drive his boot into Frank's knee, then WHAM, an upper-cut sends the guy back into a display of coffee beans, which spill out on to the floor like marbles...

Matt lunges at Frank, but stumbles, and Frank grabs him so they tumble to the floor...

Frank rolls Matt over so he has the high ground and WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! starts pounding him in the face. Out of the corner of his eye, Matt spots a sharp piece of glass from the broken bean display.

He reaches for it, reaches, reaches... his hand closes around it and right then...

TINA (O.S.)

Stop, goddammit!

They both freeze, as do all the patrons in the store.

And see Tina, the girl from the opening sequence, standing inside the busted out window. Damn, she still looks good. And by the look on Matt's face, we see he's probably spent the last three years thinking about her.

HELM

(puzzled)

Tina?

TINA

That's enough.

Frank unstraddles Matt and stands. Matt gets to his feet and wipes blood off his face. He's still holding the glass shard.

HELM

What the fuck are you...?

TINA

Do you think we can have this conversation somewhere else before we cause any more of a scene?

Matt looks around the store... the place looks like a tornado just knocked into it. They couldn't cause any more of a scene if they tried.

Finally, he drops the shard and smiles...

HELM

Good idea.

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Barbara's body lies next to the BMW. Tina crouches over her, pushes up her skirt, exposing her legs... and also exposing: a thigh holster holding a silver PISTOL...

TINA

She was assigned to kill you, Matt. She would have popped you before you got to the cream and sugar.

Matt shakes his head, trying to make sense of it.

HELM

I thought she was clean.

Tina takes Matt's hand and puts the silver pistol in it, but she holds on to his hand.

Sexual energy crackles from Tina again.

TINA

Jesus, Matthew, how soft have you gotten in the last two years?

Matt stares at that thigh holster, realization sweeping over him...

HELM

(still dazed)

Three years. It's been three years.

Just then they hear the WAIL of POLICE SIRENS.

Tina and Frank climb into the BMW, but Matt just stands there.

TINA

Propes is calling you out of hibernation. Get in.

(beat)

And welcome back.

Matt can't believe it. Relieved, he opens the back door and slides inside. Tina guns the engine and rips the car out of there.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

The BMW pulls up to the outside of an abandoned bakery. Tina and Frank climb out of the car and start to walk purposefully toward the shop.

Frank lights up a Camel on the way, using a silver Zippo lighter.

Helm reaches for Tina's elbow, stopping her outside the door.

HELM

Where is he?

TINA

You ever know Propes to be on a job?

Matt nods, acknowledging she's right.

HELM

Tell me about the woman with the thigh-holster...

TINA

Barbara Jumonville. Eight years in the program, five of them as a mole. She found out you were being recalled for a job and her alternative employer didn't want that to happen. You still have a lot of enemies it seems. We sniffed out what she was up to and put her down when she made contact. If you hadn't decided to ring the bell with Frank, I'd've told you as much.

Matt takes this in.

HELM

Okay... so what's the job?

TINA

A quick-strike operation I'm handling. Three targets, small team, we move fast...

Matt nods again, and Tina picks up something in that expression...

TINA (CONT'D)

What? You're surprised Propes put me in charge? I've been a handler for the last two years. What've you been doing?

HELM

Waiting.

TINA

The kind of waiting where you threaten a loan officer and scare the shit out of some movers, not to mention every other white-bread neighborhood yokel you came across?

Matt looks up.

TINA (CONT'D)

We've been shadowing you for weeks, watching you manhandle suburbia like it was a black-ops mission.

HELM

I've been going a little stir crazy.

Tina smiles.

TINA

Someone told me to only worry about the ones who are right in the head. I guess I still don't need to worry about you.

He grins, nods. Then...

HELM

You look good, Tina. I'm glad... I think this job suits you.

She nods, like she's genuinely pleased to receive the compliment.

TINA

Come on. Let's meet the team...

With that, she leads him...

INSIDE THE BAKERY:

...which is anything but what it seems from the outside.

The room is blanketed with COMPUTERS, MONITORS, SATELLITE FEEDS and high-tech SYSTEMS. Frank is across the room, talking to the black guy we last saw as the check-out man at Best Buy. His name is DUKE.

A young guy we didn't see there, SETH COOPER, who looks like a computer nerd -- albeit one who has no idea he's a nerd -- is manning the computers.

TINA

Matt, this is Duke Volmering, he runs clean-up for us. And this is Seth Cooper, programming. You already know our DemPatch, Frank Loris. Everyone this is Matt Helm.

Nods all around.

Tina leads Matt into a SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM covered with surveillance photos of one particular business man. Also on the wall are BLUEPRINTS, MAPS, SCHEDULES... this team has put in a lot of work getting to know the guy on the wall.

Frank, Duke and Seth join them.

HELM

This is the target?

TINA

(nods)

Zimmermann, first name Mark, appropriately enough. Frank and I have been running backstory on him for a month. Key strike point, best we can figure, is tomorrow in his office.

HELM

You're not wasting any time.

Tina turns back to the wall.

TINA

Because we don't have any. Here's the history...

CUT TO:

EXT. GOVERNMENT LABORATORY - DAY

Three middle-aged scientists, ZIMMERMANN, OLMSTEAD, and CONLEY are standing outside of a gigantic sealed explosion chamber, the size of a football field. It's like they're in a luxury box looking down on an arena through three feet of protective glass. The arena has been divided into a maze with steel and concrete barriers forming the walls.

TINA (V.O.)

A year ago, three physicists working for a defense contractor came up with a new type of explosive, one that could clear out a series of caves in a mountainside.

In the middle of the chamber rests a briefcase on a table. ZIMMERMANN nods at OLMSTEAD, who presses a button on a cell phone.

The suitcase instantly MELTS...

TINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They call it the Spider Bomb.

...just when we think that's all that is going to happen...

Suddenly... the air in the chamber superheats... and a spider web of EXPLOSIONS trigger out from the suitcase moving around corners, filling the maze with explosions.

TINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Like a spider hatching a hundred eggs, the bomb can decimate thirty city blocks. It unleashes a series of chain reactions by releasing an odorless, colorless hypergolic gas which spins out from the origin point like a web. As soon as the core point reaches a critical temperature, the air superheats along the gas lines, and FWOOM! Soldiers in bunkers might as well be out in the open. No corner, no bend, no alleyway is safe. There are no hiding spots on the web. And it all fits inside a package no bigger than a briefcase.

The scientists stare gravely at their creation.

CUT TO:

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

Zimmermann, Olmstead, and Conley sit in uncomfortable chairs, while a GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL lectures them from behind a desk.

TINA (V.O.)

The U.S. government didn't want it. Apparently the contractor wasn't on the administration's "approved" list. So word of the bomb slipped out to international circles, not all of them friendly. The company thought it best to put these guys under protection, to give them new identities and hide them in plain sight...

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The different physicists dressed in plain clothes...

CONLEY steps off a train, looking nervous.

OLMSTEAD shuffles off of a plane and through an airport...

ZIMMERMANN is dropped off by a government sedan... the CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HIS FACE... until it matches...

INT. BAKERY - DAY

...one of the black and white surveillance photographs on the wall of Tina's headquarters.

Helm is absorbing the information.

HELM

Until...

TINA

Until we found out they were trying to sell their blueprints to a hostile faction in West Africa. The program was given quick strike permission to take them down.

HELM

I kill the three scientists so the secrets of the spider bomb die with them?

TINA

That's it.

HELM

What're the specs?

TINA

Zimmermann needs to be a Houdini. We need him not only dead but gone, vanished, so Olmstead and Conley won't hear of the murder. It should buy us just enough time to finish the job.

HELM

Okay...

TINA

Frank...

Frank clears his throat. As he talks, he flips that silver Zippo lighter open and shut...

FRANK

Subject works out of the twentieth floor of the Federal Building downtown. The building has metal detectors at all entry points and its own security force covering the building.

HELM

Will the Feds step aside to let us make the kill?

FRANK

Negative. We don't know if Zimmermann's bought anyone off or if anyone's compromised. No one can know we're coming. That's why the program got the job.

HELM

All right.

FRANK

On top of that, Zimmermann has a private heavy, a big German motherfucker who parks it right outside his office door, all day, every day. Fucking Kraut doesn't even piss.

HELM

Except...

Frank nods. This guy's good. He lights a new cigarette and puts the lighter away.

FRANK

Except... for a fifteen minute window in the afternoon. We think Zimmermann has him do his contact drops. We were getting worried we weren't going to spot a pattern but then it started happening and continued happening. Fifteen minutes, Monday through Friday, 4 PM Eastern time, every day.

HELM

You're sure?

TINA

It's the best we got.

HELM

How long have you spotted the pattern?

FRANK

Eight days.

HELM

That's it? I'm going in hot on an eight day bald spot?

TINA

Like I said, it's the best we got.

Matt nods his head, mulling this over. He studies the pictures on the wall, honing in on one that shows the inside of the target's office. Finally...

HELM

Who's my deputy?

TINA

Frank.

Matt turns and looks at the guy he just brawled with in Starbucks.

HELM
Steroids? Nah, he stuck out at Best Buy
like there was a sign over his head.

Matt jerks a thumb at Duke...

HELM (CONT'D)
(re: Duke)
Same with sideburns here.

TINA
I don't think...

HELM
(points to Seth)
I'll take him.

All eyes turn to Seth.

SETH
Excuse me?

FLASH: In Best Buy, Matt is looking at Frank cut boxes. Now that he thinks about it, the CAMERA MOVES OVER a little to pick up Seth playing a GameBoy in the video aisle, but really watching Matt intently.

HELM
I didn't mark you. Not until I saw you here. I'm betting you've spent some time in the suburbs.

SETH
Ummm... yeah. I... uh... grew up around...

HELM
(cutting him off)
I'll take him.

TINA
(shakes her head)
Come on, now, Matt. I was the first Deputy you had who didn't end up eating with a straw. I think you need someone a little more battle-tested.

HELM
(to Seth)
How long've you worked here?

SETH
Just over a month.

Matt grabs a note pad up and starts writing...

HELM
Here's a list of five things I'll need by
tomorrow morning, delivered to my house.

He tosses the list to Seth, who drops the note pad,
clearly not an athlete. Embarrassed, he stoops over to
pick it up, then scans the list, clearly puzzled by the
items.

HELM (CONT'D)
I also want copies of every picture on
this wall, everything you've gathered
from surveillance.

TINA
Seth's not ready for this.

HELM
Neither were you before we worked
together. And now you're driving the
ship.
(to Seth)
You got a car?

And with that, Matt heads for the exit. Seth looks at
Tina, a little bewildered.

Finally, exasperated, Tina nods. Seth hurries to snatch
up his car keys and follow Matt.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Seth drives Matt in a ten-year-old Honda Civic, the kind
of car a newly-graduated MIT student would own.

The kid clearly wants to strike up a conversation with
the assassin in his passenger seat, but is tentative on
how to proceed. Finally he manages...

SETH
Nice day out today. They say there's
gonna be some... cloud... coverage...

His voice trails off. No reaction from Matt. Seth plows
forward...

SETH (CONT'D)
I'm a little new at this... I... um...
So, what happened to the other Deputies
who worked for you?

Still nothing from Matt.

Seth's cell phone RINGS. He sees the caller ID and
quietly answers.

SETH (CONT'D)
(whispered, into the phone)
Mom, I'm a little busy right now.

He listens.

SETH (CONT'D)
I'd love to help, but I can't. Yes.
Mom. Mom. My manager's calling me into
a conference right now.
(beat)
Okay, bye.

Seth hangs up.

SETH (CONT'D)
That was my mom. She thinks I work...

Interrupting --

HELM
Stop the car...

SETH
What?

Matt sees a truck with "Comcast" painted on the side
pulling away from the curb in front of his house, heading
their way...

HELM
Stop the fucking car!

Seth slams on the brakes, nervous, skidding the car to a
stop...

Before he can even manage a "what's going on?"... Matt has jumped out of the passenger door and is waving down the cable truck.

A bored CABLE GUY stops the Comcast Truck and rolls down his window. He grimaces at Matt, his eyelids at half-mast.

HELM (CONT'D)
Where you going?

CABLE GUY
Appointment window was between three and six this afternoon.

Matt looks at his watch.

HELM
It's ten after three...

CABLE GUY
And at nine after three you weren't home. There's a note on your door with a number you can call to reschedule.

HELM
I'm gonna give you three seconds --

But the guy just drives away, not intimidated in the least.

Matt is pissed. He looks over at Seth, who is staring at him, puzzled. Matt looks back at the rapidly receding truck.

HELM (CONT'D)
There might be two targets I hit tomorrow.

With that, he walks away toward his house, leaving Seth to watch him go.

CUT TO:

INT. HELM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Matt watches his television, the screen blanketed with fuzzy reception, only able to get one channel. He can barely make out the TV show: some dipshits trying to break out of a prison. The FILES and SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS are spread out all over the floor.

He fishes the pill bottle out of his pocket, removes the lid and shakes out a couple of pills. He stares at them in his hand...

Fuck it. He drops the pills back into the bottle, turns the TV off and rolls over on his couch, drifting off to sleep and we...

FADE OUT:

The screen goes dark and after a few seconds we hear:
KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK on his door...

FADE IN:

INT. HELM'S HOUSE - MORNING

The KNOCKING grows louder until Matt stirs and wakes. Groggy, he goes over and opens the door, rubbing his neck.

On the other side of the door is Seth hauling a bunch of equipment in a SCAFFOLDING CART behind him. The scaffolding cart is basically a big box on wheels. He doesn't wait for Matt to invite him in, just starts rolling the stuff inside...

SETH

Here's the five things you asked for, Mr. Helm...

HELM

Call me, Matt...

SETH

Okay, Matt. Let's see... three cans of um... Benjamin Moore "Coastal Fog" paint, uh... what else... a painter's jumpsuit... a 300 watt heat-lamp light-bulb... uh, obviously the scaffolding equipment... and... well, a small refrigerator.

Seth looks around at Matt's house, taking in its "just moved in and haven't bothered to unpack a damn thing" state. The walls sure look like they need to be painted...

SETH (CONT'D)
What're you gonna do with all this stuff
if you don't mind my asking...?

Matt hoists the refrigerator off the scaffolding cart,
moves to a corner of his living room and plops it down.
He plugs it in, opens the door, and shoves a case of beer
into it.

Seth shakes his head.

SETH (CONT'D)
You mean I spent the last twelve hours,
with no sleep, to get you equipment so
you could deck out your new house?

Matt just smiles.

SETH (CONT'D)
Tina told me you were...

HELM
Yeah? What'd she say? That I'm crazy?

SETH
Well...

Matt holds up his prescription bottle, shakes it...

HELM
It's a good thing I'm taking medication
then, isn't it?

...and tosses it to Seth, who immediately fumbles it and
it falls on the ground.

Seth scoops it up and looks at the label.

SETH
(reads)
Zprexa?

HELM
An anti-psychotic.

Seth doesn't know what to say. Matt shifts directions...

HELM (CONT'D)
Did they include you when they staked the
Federal building where Zimmermann works?

SETH

No.

HELM

Good, your face will be fresh. You ready for some field work?

SETH

They didn't say anything about field work in the interview.

HELM

You're a deputy now, so that means field work... I want you to go to the Federal Building at three-thirty today and get inside. Just walk right through the security check at entry point one like you've been there before and you know where you're going...

SETH

I've never...

HELM

Get up on a high floor, break into an office, any office, one you think is empty or at least where you can distract the receptionist... can you do that?

SETH

I don't know...

HELM

Great. Get to a telephone and make a call down to the security desk at the same entry point. You with me?

SETH

I think so.

HELM

You know so. That's the secret to doing this job Seth... you gotta have confidence in what you're doing. Don't confuse confidence with "enjoying" yourself, or getting "fully immersed" or any other bullshit the shrinks in the program put in your file. Confidence means you can handle anything; when the blood's flying, confidence will always get you out of a rough spot. Okay?

Seth nods, anything but confident.

HELM (CONT'D)
So do you think so or do you know so?

SETH
I know so.

Matt nods, conversation over.

SETH (CONT'D)
One thing. If... I mean, when I get into
an office and call down to the security
desk... what do you want me to tell them?

The CAMERA PUSHES IN TIGHT ON HELM, and we...

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF FED BUILDING - SECURITY CHECK POINT - DAY

...where Seth, clearly nervous as hell, is making his way through the metal detectors. He hands his CELL PHONE and KEYS to a FEMALE SECURITY GUARD, trying to look natural, but failing.

No matter, she's bored and doesn't even so much as give Seth a second glance. He clears the metal detectors, gets his phone and keys back and heads for the elevators.

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR:

It is empty. He presses a button for the "16th Floor," blowing out a deep breath, and just then...

Holy shit... the target, MARC ZIMMERMANN, and his large GERMAN BODYGUARD get into the elevator too! Seth is stunned, what the fuck?

His natural reaction could not be more wrong: he pushes the button for the "20th Floor" for Zimmerman and his monkey.

ZIMMERMANN
You going to 20 too?

Seth swallows dryly and looks at the already lit up 16.

GERMAN BODYGUARD

Or did you know we needed to go to twenty?

SETH

Uhhhh, I knew.

They both stare at him, waiting for more explanation.

SETH (CONT'D)

I'm a mailroom trainee...

Sticks out his hand.

SETH (CONT'D)

Seth. Part of my training was learning all the tenants and their suites.

ZIMMERMANN

But our mail goes directly to a PO Box.

Seth pulls his hand back.

SETH

A PO Box... yeah, that explains it. Truth is, this asshole who's training me, Randy, is on my jock about everything, and my "resident test" is coming up. I snuck into the office and pulled the resident files to get a jump on my test.

They still stare at him, like 'so?'.

SETH (CONT'D)

See the file I pulled had everyone on it, including the PO Boxes. That way we can sort the R-30s away from the R-70s, you know how it is...

DING. Thank God.

SETH (CONT'D)

That's me.

ON THE SIXTEENTH FLOOR:

...the doors open and Seth steps out mumbling...

SETH

I'll catch you guys later.

Seth blows out a deep breath as the doors close behind him. He finds a door marked "Records Room" and opens it.

INSIDE THE RECORDS ROOM:

A WOMAN sits next to a phone behind a counter.

RECORDS ROOM WOMAN

Can I help you?

SETH

Hey, I'm Rob Doriot... I work in the building and my phone just went out. I've been looking for a phone I can borrow to call down to the security desk...

RECORDS ROOM WOMAN

Help yourself...

She turns the phone toward him and shuffles away to go file some paperwork. Seth smiles for the first time and dials a number...

SETH

Hello, security.

VOICE ON PHONE

Yes?

SETH

I'm calling from the 20th floor. I just realized I forgot to tell you I have a painter coming in to do some touch up work today...

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF FED BUILDING - SECURITY CHECK POINT - DAY

...where the FEMALE SECURITY GUARD is on the other end of the line.

FEMALE SECURITY GUARD

Yes, no problem... your painter's just coming in right now...

The CAMERA SWINGS OVER to find Helm, wearing the painter's jumpsuit and wheeling the scaffolding equipment up to the security desk.

The security guard signals him to come around to the side of the metal detectors. He complies...

...and she runs a wand around his clothes while a SECOND GUARD checks inside the large scaffolding case and peeks inside the paint cans.

The wand stops on one of Helm's pockets, making the WHIRRRR sound that it has found something metal. Helm reaches into his pocket and pulls out...

...a PAINT BRUSH, the metal band that holds the bristles in place causing the WHIRRRING. The security guard smiles and continues to run the wand over him. Nothing...

Satisfied, they wave him on...

HELM
Which way's the service elevator?

FEMALE SECURITY GUARD
Right over there.

HELM
(acting bored)
Thank you.

Matt manages to roll all his equipment on to the open elevator.

ON THE TWENTIETH FLOOR:

The big German bodyguard sits in a chair outside his boss's office. He checks his watch, which reads 4 PM on the dot.

He opens the door to his boss's office, Zimmermann hands him an envelope, and the guy takes off for the elevators...

He disappears inside an open elevator and the doors close. The CAMERA MOVES OVER to the larger service elevator doors, which open... and Helm comes out, wheeling his scaffolding equipment.

He pauses outside Zimmermann's door and takes his Rolex off, putting it in his pocket.

He pulls a paint can off the scaffolding cart and opens it, then reaches into the paint and pulls out a plastic baggie, holding a GLOCK 9MM.

He gets the Glock out of the baggie, then knocks on Zimmermann's door...

ZIMMERMANN (O.S.)

Come in.

Helm pushes open the door and...

IN ZIMMERMANN'S OFFICE:

...Zimmermann looks up from his desk, surprised to see a gun pointed his way.

BAM! Matt fires once, blowing most of the guy's face into the wall behind him.

Methodically, Helm rolls the scaffolding cart into the office and shuts the door behind him. He checks his watch... ten minutes left.

Quickly, he wheels the cart over to the dead body, opens the top of it, and now we see that the cart is mostly empty. Helm moves the scaffolding out of the way, then rolls the dead body into the cart. It's a tight fit, but he manages to stuff Zimmermann's body inside, and then pile the few scaffolding pieces on top of the cart.

That done, he moves over to the wall where Zimmermann's blood and brains are splattered. Then he reaches over and holds up the paint can next to the wall. Now we see that the color "coastal fog" matches the paint of the office.

Helm pulls a rag out of a pocket of his painter's jumpsuit and wipes the muck off the wall as though he's wiping off a spilled drink. Disgusting.

He stuffs the dirty rag back in his pocket, then pulls out the paint brush and starts painting over the stain, carefully.

LOBBY OF FED BUILDING - SECURITY CHECK POINT - DAY

Seth leaves the building. As he goes out, he sees the big German bodyguard heading back into the building, lined up to go through the metal detectors.

Seth looks at his watch, five minutes.

IN ZIMMERMANN'S OFFICE:

Helm consults his own watch, then looks at the area he just painted. It looks good, but isn't a direct match, because the paint is wet.

Helm puts the paint brush back into his pocket, moves over to a desk lamp, and unscrews the bulb.

From a third pocket, Helm pulls out the 300 WATT HEAT LAMP BULB and screws it into Zimmermann's desk lamp and points it at the fresh paint.

Then Matt sits and watches the paint dry.

DOWNSTAIRS:

The German bodyguard hands his cell phone and keys over to the security guard to get ready to pass through the metal detectors...

IN ZIMMERMANN'S OFFICE:

The paint has dried and is now a perfect match. Helm unscrews the hot bulb and tosses it into the open can so it can cool in the paint. He then screws in Zimmermann's original bulb and puts the lamp back on the desk in the exact same spot.

Moving fast, he puts the cans back on the scaffolding cart and starts to wheel the cart -- which is hiding Zimmermann's body -- out of the office.

IN THE CORRIDOR:

He turns back and examines it one last time... pristine. It looks just like it did when he walked in, only minus the guy working behind the desk.

Satisfied, he shuts the door and wheels the cart down the hall and on to the service elevator... the doors close...

...just as the regular elevator doors open and the big German bodyguard steps out.

He moves down the corridor, and then plops down in the chair right outside the office door, none the wiser.

IN THE LOBBY:

Matt nods at the security guard lady as he wheels the cart, and the body, right out of the building.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELM'S HOUSE - DAY

Helm moves up the sidewalk to his house, half out of his painter's outfit, like a blue collar worker coming home from a day on the job.

He gets to his front door and grimaces... there's a new YELLOW COMCAST NOTICE there, stuck to the door, telling him he has to reschedule again.

He checks his watch, shakes his head, and moves inside.

From outside we can see him collapse on his couch, then the flicker of his one channel, some singing competition, comes on until we...

DISSOLVE TO:

HELM'S HOUSE - LATER

Matt is painting his living room with the leftover "coastal fog" paint.

His television is still playing its one channel, Kiefer Sutherland playing "spy" on "24."

Suddenly, a voice speaks up behind him...

TINA

You watch this crap?

HELM

(without turning around)

Only channel I get. I'm having some trouble with the cable guy.

(re: the TV)

Did you see that? They just got from LAX to downtown in ten minutes.

(MORE)

HELM (CONT'D)

This show is a joke. The guy doesn't
take a single shit in 24 hours.

He finishes putting the last bit of paint on the wall and
turns to find Tina standing there, smoldering hot. She's
wearing a dress that would make Jenna Jameson blush.

Tina looks around the room.

TINA

If they only knew agents lived this
glamorously.

She moves over to him and kisses him... well, to say
"kiss" is like calling the Atlantic a swimming pool...

Finally, she pulls back...

TINA (CONT'D)

I'm not a child anymore.

HELM

That's quite clear.
(beat)
But you haven't changed.

TINA

How so?

HELM

You still have the need to kill every
attractive woman that threatens you.

TINA

The woman at Best Buy wasn't just a
threat to me.

HELM

What about the one in Lisbon?

TINA

Were you with that woman in Lisbon?

HELM

Of course.

TINA

(smiling)
Then I'm glad I killed her.

Matt smiles.

TINA (CONT'D)
Tell me something.

HELM
Anything.

Tina's eyes narrow...

TINA
Which room are you going to fuck me in?
Matt doesn't hesitate...

HELM
All of them.

And with that, they tear into each other, hungry, until we...

DISSOLVE TO:

HELM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Matt wakes up to find his bed empty, Tina gone. He looks at the clock on his bedside table... 11:30.

Matt scratches himself, yawns, goes in the bathroom, and sits to take a shit. Top that, Kiefer.

AT HIS FRONT DOOR:

Some mail spills through the slot and lands on his floor...

Matt stoops over to get it, flips through the junk, until he finds a big red envelope marked "Jury Duty."

HELM
Fuck me.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY - DAY

Holding that jury summons, Matt walks into the conference room which is now littered with pictures of a new target, the second scientist, OLMSTEAD, wearing a dark suit.

The whole team is in here, including Frank smoking a fresh camel and fiddling with his ubiquitous silver Zippo. They look up when Matt enters...

TINA

We're going in two days.

FRANK

The target's name is Christopher Olmstead. They've got him working out of a courthouse in Fulton County, posing as a clerk --

HELM

I was wondering why I got a jury duty summons for Atlanta, Georgia.

He holds up the summons.

SETH

Easiest hack of my career.

HELM

This isn't real?

SETH

Nope.

HELM

Thank God.

TINA

His office is on the top floor, same as the jury room.

HELM

Why hit him at the courthouse?

TINA

This is a billboard strike.

SETH

What's that?

HELM

A public execution.

TINA

The execution can be private; the aftermath, the fallout, is what needs to be public. It's not just a kill but a signal.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)
Propes wants to send the third scientist,
Conley, a message... scare him into
flight... so we can nail him with his
West African handler.

HELM
Public it is, then.

Matt walks around the room again, studying the
photographs, courthouse blueprints, etc, just like he did
with the Zimmermann hit. Finally...

HELM (CONT'D)
Seth... you still got that yellow pad?

SETH
Yeah... of course...

He heads over to Matt and hands him the pad. Matt starts
scribbling...

HELM
I'm going to need some things.

CUT TO:

INT. HELM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A telephone company REPAIRMAN is in Matt's kitchen,
crouched over an OPEN PHONE JACK, black and red wires
spilling like worms out of the wall.

Matt stands over his shoulder, grimacing at the wires.

TELEPHONE GUY
Uh-oh.

HELM
Uh-oh, what?

TELEPHONE GUY
Well, you got a wiring problem, not a
jack problem.

Anger flares a little in Matt...

HELM
What's that mean?

TELEPHONE GUY

It means you should have paid the extra
39 cents for the "inside wiring
insurance" when you set up your account.

Matt is doing everything he can to control himself.

TELEPHONE GUY (CONT'D)

And because you didn't, I'm gonna have to
write up a work order. Company charges
eighty-nine bucks an hour. And this
looks to be about a two to three hour
job.

Matt looks up to see Seth coming up his sidewalk toward
his front door, rolling a push-cart.

HELM

Don't go anywhere.

TELEPHONE GUY

Okay...

HELM

I mean don't move. When I get back I
want to talk over this extortion.

TELEPHONE GUY

Sir... I'm just doing my job here...

Matt hurries over to the front door as Seth gets ready to
knock. Furiously, Matt swings the door open and grabs
Seth by the shirt collar!

SETH

Wha-?

But Matt doesn't give him time to answer, he jerks Seth
into the house, manhandling him, smashes him into the
wall in the living room, knocking over boxes, and then
tosses him into the bedroom!

IN THE KITCHEN:

The repairman's eyes go wide at the sudden display of
violence. Then he hears from the other room...

HELM

(roars)

I've been trying to get MY FUCKING CABLE
UP FOR TWO WEEKS BUT YOU KEEP MISSING THE
FUCKING APPOINTMENT WINDOW!!!

There is more SMASHING and CRASHING of things in the
nearby bedroom...

HELM (CONT'D)

WHAT'S THAT? NOT YOUR FAULT? NOT YOUR
GODDAMN FAULT??? WELL, THEN WHOSE FAULT
IS IT? YOU'RE THE CABLE GUY! WHOSE
FAULT IS IT, MOTHERFUCKER??!!!

WHAM! SMASH! CRASH!

The Telephone Repairman has heard all he needs to hear...
he quickly gathers his stuff, and starts to head the hell
out of there...

...when Matt suddenly blocks his way, breathing hard,
holding a Glock in his hand.

HELM (CONT'D)

Where the fuck are you going?

The Repairman stops in his tracks, about to piss his
pants.

TELEPHONE GUY

Ummm... I-I-I was just...

HELM

You were just gonna fix my phone lines?

TELEPHONE GUY

Yes...

He hurries back down next to the open jack and starts
fiddling with the wires, his hands shaking. He connects
two wires and then screws the jack panel back on the
wall...

TELEPHONE GUY (CONT'D)

There. Fixed.

HELM

(skeptically)

That's it?

The telephone guy faces him, nervously...

TELEPHONE GUY

Yeah... it was just a loose wire. Didn't realize that until I had a chance to look at it.

HELM

What happened to "uh-oh." What happened to "two to three hours?"

TELEPHONE GUY

I guess... I guess it wasn't as much work as I thought...

The telephone guy holds up a cordless phone and presses the button so that Matt can hear the dial tone.

HELM

Get out.

The repairman doesn't have to be told twice... he's out of there fast as a jackrabbit. Matt watches him go, his hard stare turning into a grin.

Seth stumbles into the kitchen...

HELM (CONT'D)

You're late. Where've you been?

Seth watches the telephone truck drive off.

SETH

What the fuck was all that?

HELM

Ahhh, you're fine...

SETH

You can't just do this.

HELM

(innocently)

Do what?

SETH

Treat everyone around you like they're in the middle of a war they don't know they're fighting.

HELM

That's where you're wrong. They do know they're fighting. They just don't expect anyone to fight back.

SETH

I don't think that's...

HELM

You know what I've noticed most about the sheep since I was put into exile three years ago? The everyday people? The citizens of this wasteland? That more than ever they just bend over and take it. They've grown so accustomed to getting fucked in the ass by all these companies that they just curl up in the corner and take the punishment. I mean, we live in a country where we pay to take our money out of the bank, where we buy our water for \$3 a bottle, where we have to take a day off from work to give the cable guy a four hour window to maybe, possibly grace us with his presence. And you want to say we're not at war?

SETH

Suburban Rage, I get it... but there are two ways to handle things...

HELM

You got your way, I got mine.

He fishes a beer out of the fridge as he says this and tosses one to Seth, who makes a good effort but drops it right on his foot.

SETH

Stop doing that.

HELM

What?

SETH

Tossing shit at me. I can't catch, okay. I suck at it. We're not learning anything new here. Every little league coach figured it out within five minutes of seeing me on the field. Why do you think I'm so fucking good at computer shit. Because I was inside, working on things that mattered...

HELM

Christ, kid, I'm not your shrink...

Seth looks like he wants to launch at Helm, but Matt doesn't seem to notice...

HELM (CONT'D)
What'd you bring me?

Chagrined, Seth goes to the front door and wheels in the cart.

SETH
Yeah, okay... five items... let's see...
we got you a new laptop...

Matt takes it out of his hands, eyes lighting up...

HELM
You didn't get it at Best Buy, did you?

SETH
What? No... I...

HELM
Good... what else?

SETH
Umm... also some hiking boots, a
backpack... a, um, flask filled with
Maker's Mark... and... um... one personal
pepperoni pizza from Papa Johns...

HELM
Great. Perfect.

Seth stands there, awkwardly, surveying the five strange items he just brought for Helm.

Matt already has a slice of pizza in his mouth and is playing around with the laptop.

SETH
Come on... you can't tell me these five
things are for this job....

HELM
Why would I ask for them?

SETH
You didn't use that refrigerator.

HELM
That refrigerator helped me with the
preparation...

SETH
(scoffs)
Preparation. Like the bourbon this time?
And the pizza?

HELM
No. The bourbon and the pizza are
essential to the mission.

SETH
Uh-huh.

HELM
The Man made the system, Seth. I just
manipulate it. Same as you. Same as
everyone.

Matt smiles, like a guy five chess moves ahead of anyone
he's playing. He picks his pizza back up again, bites
into a slice.

HELM (CONT'D)
All right. You want to know how this is
going to go down?

THE CAMERA FINDS AND PUSHES IN ON the small pizza box in
Matt's hand. When it PUSHES BACK OUT OF THE BOX, Matt is
carrying it into...

INT. COURTHOUSE - DOWNTOWN - DAY

...the county courthouse downtown. He's got the new
backpack slung over his shoulder and his pizza box in his
opposite hand as he moves through the metal detectors...

The machine doesn't even so much as beep and a security
guard waves him on.

SUPER: FULTON COUNTY COURTHOUSE, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

A RED-COATED WOMAN is barking instructions near an
elevator...

RED-COATED WOMAN
Prospective Jurors please head to the 8th
floor. 8th floor for prospective jurors.

A crowd gathers on the elevator.

ON THE 8TH FLOOR:

Helm joins the other JURORS -- men and women who look like they'd rather be anywhere else -- as they are herded into a giant room.

Finding a discreet chair in the back of the room, Helm puts sunglasses over his eyes, leans back in his chair, and puts his feet up. For the first time, we see he is wearing the hiking boots he asked for in his list of five things.

Promptly, he falls asleep.

LATER:

Beep, beep, beep.

Helm opens his eyes to see an old woman looking at him, smiling sweetly. He clicks off the alarm on his watch and puts the watch in his pocket.

OLD WOMAN

I see you brought your lunch.

Matt sits up... looks at the clock on the wall of the Jury Room: 11:30. He nods at the woman.

HELM

Yeah.

OLD WOMAN

You think they'll give us an hour break to eat?

HELM

I don't know, but I've gotta go take a leak.

The old woman frowns as Matt snatches up his pizza box and backpack and heads for the front of the room. We see him ask a CLERK which way the bathroom is and she points him toward the hall.

Matt heads...

INTO THE 8TH FLOOR FOYER:

...and presses the button for the elevator. When the doors open, he steps...

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR:

...and immediately pulls that flask out of the new backpack...

...and pours all of the bourbon on to the pizza box, soaking it in alcohol. He pulls a matchbook out of his pocket and sets the box on fire... and just then we...

CUT BACK TO:

HELM'S HOUSE - DAY

Seth looks at Helm, still standing in Helm's house...

SETH

There's a flaw in your plan.

HELM

What's that?

SETH

What if someone sees you step back off the elevator after you light the pizza box on fire?

HELM

The nature of man. Everyone in that hallway will either be a criminal or a victim or a family member, walking around with eyes downcast, scurrying between courtrooms like little mice, afraid to make eye-contact, like somehow if they show respect to the place, it'll treat them fairly.

CUT BACK TO:

THE ELEVATOR:

He hits the "door open" on his floor, and like he predicted, no eyes are there to greet him.

He slaps his hand on the "Fire" button, which SOUNDS AN ALARM, and quickly heads out...

CUT BACK TO:

HELM'S HOUSE - DAY

...where Seth and Helm are still having that conversation.

SETH

But how are you going to separate Olmstead from the crowd heading to the stairwell?

HELM

I'm not. My Deputy is.

Seth gulps.

BACK TO:

IN THE 8TH FLOOR FOYER:

Helm makes his way to a stairwell. His eyes travel across the foyer, where he sees Seth hanging out next to a bathroom. They nod at each other, and the CAMERA FOLLOWS Matt...

INTO A STAIRWELL:

...where he immediately starts descending the first flight of metallic stairs. When he gets to the landing between floors, he stoops over and starts to unlace his boots.

Just then, crowds of JURORS and CLERKS and LAWYERS head down the stairwell... the fire alarm BLARING...

HELM

(as people pass)

Sorry... broken shoelace... go ahead...
sorry...

The CAMERA MOVES AGAINST THE CROWD, UP OUT OF THE STAIRWELL to the...

8TH FLOOR FOYER:

...where it now finds our target, CHRIS OLMSTEAD, an officious looking middle-aged man shuffling out of an office to join the crowds that are heading down the stairwell.

Seth spots him across the room and moves in to intercept...

SETH
Chris?

OLMSTEAD
Excuse me?

SETH
Aren't you Christopher Olmstead?

OLMSTEAD
(bothered)
Yes?

SETH
I'm Seth Cooper... I went to school with your son, Greg.

OLMSTEAD
Oh?

Olmstead is looking past him, at the people heading down the stairwell... there are only a few people still making their way out of the building...

OLMSTEAD (CONT'D)
Don't we need to be...

SETH
I'm sure it's just a donkey drill.
Listen, what's Greg been up to? Did he ever marry that girl... oh, what's her name?

OLMSTEAD
Greg? You mean, "Meg?" I haven't talked to him in four years. Not since little "Meg" came out, gayer than a fruit cocktail...
(beat)
What'd you say your name was?

SETH
 (undeterred)
 Seth Cooper... Greg and I went to
 Princeton together...

OLMSTEAD
 Look, I really don't think this is a
 drill.

The last of the stragglers has disappeared down the
 stairwell.

Olmstead turns to walk off.

SETH
 You know, you're right. I smell it too
 now. We should get out of here. I just
 need to drain the main vein first.

Seth moves away, not looking back.

The CAMERA STAYS WITH OLMSTEAD as he hustles over...

TO THE STAIRWELL:

...and starts descending the stairs, all alone. He makes
 it to the landing between floors and turns to head down
 to the 7th floor...

...as he steps down, he spots Helm coming up the opposite
 direction...

OLMSTEAD
 I think you're going the wrong way.

Matt just nods and ascends the stairway past him, and now
 we notice Matt isn't wearing any shoes, and he's holding
 something between his hands: the SHOELACES from his
hiking boots...

...Just as he passes the target moving down the stairs,
Matt spins and whips those laces around Olmstead's
throat, lifting him back off his feet so he can't get any
 traction, cutting off his air supply with those laces!

Olmstead reaches back, trying to gain leverage, grabbing
 for something, anything, but Helm just pulls tighter and
 tighter, those laces thick as a rope, choking him.

Olmstead tries to claw at the laces, but his fingers can't loosen the grip. It doesn't take long. Olmstead twitches, and then struggles no more.

Matt dumps the body on the stairs, leaving lifeless eyes to stare up at the dirty ceiling. Then Matt looks up at the flight of stairs above him, where Seth is staring at the dead body with eyes as big as saucers.

Matt doesn't hesitate...

HELM

Let's go. Now!

This snaps Seth out of his reverie. He gets his feet moving and he and Matt hurry down the steps, leaving the corpse behind.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Seth sits next to Matt in coach, an empty seat between them.

HELM

You should check into seeing a shrink.

SETH

What? Why?

HELM

Because we're starting to make quite a team. I'm not sure what that says about you.

They sit for a second, saying nothing as a flight attendant goes by, checking for seat belts. Then...

SETH

I have a question for you.

HELM

Give it to me.

SETH

Why is it always *five* items? Seems kind of arbitrary...

HELM

Too much gear can slow you down or cause you to hesitate or make you indecisive. It can give you false confidence. At the same time, you don't want to be caught with your pants down, not having the things you need. So you make it a finite number of items, and then you plan it out meticulously and stick to the plan. It forces you to look at the play from all angles.

Seth nods like he gets it. Helm smiles.

SETH

You're just fucking with me, right?

Helm laughs and shrugs his shoulders and leans back and settles in for a nap.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

A commercial airliner lands safely on the runway.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Matt checks his watch as they walk through the terminal.

MATT

Tina won't be here for a few minutes.

Matt spots a small bar off to the side...

HELM

Let's wait in there.

SETH

Sure.

They enter the place grab a couple beers at the bar, and sit at a table.

Seth takes a pull off his beer.

SETH (CONT'D)

When I was recruited by Tina... shit, it seems like a year ago instead of six weeks...

(MORE)

SETH (CONT'D)

I was always just such a systems nerd and when someone from Langley wanted to put me of all people in a black ops program, I... well, I'll admit it, I was scared shitless...

HELM

You didn't think you could handle it?

SETH

Like I said before, I wasn't exactly the first guy picked for anybody's team. And here I am being asked to join a quick strike gang of government assassins.

HELM

You've done well.

SETH

That's just it, Matt. That's my confession. I'm starting to like it.

HELM

Nothing wrong with that.

SETH

Those pills you take. They really help?

HELM

They do the trick.

Matt fishes that pill bottle out of his pants pocket and is about to toss it to Seth. He sees Seth flinch, realizes he shouldn't toss it, and instead, slaps it on the table.

HELM (CONT'D)

Hell, maybe you need 'em more than me.

Seth picks up the bottle.

Just then, Matt spots Tina stepping into the front of the bar. Seth follows his stare...

SETH

There's Tina.

He starts to stand...

HELM

Stay here. And don't get up until I tell you to.

SETH

What?

HELM

Remember this, Seth. The game is always on. Always.

With that, he heads to join Tina at the door.

Seth looks at the pill bottle still resting on the table...

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Tina and Matt walk down the terminal, their pace brisk.

TINA

What's Seth doing?

MATT

He's too green for this part.

TINA

What part?

HELM

We're being followed. Have been all day.

TINA

What? They're on us now?

HELM

Two men. I'm not sure how many others. I first saw them as I was leaving the Zimmermann job...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING LOBBY - FLASHBACK

Matt is walking out wearing his painter's jumpsuit. This time, the CAMERA TRACKS OVER and spots TWO GUYS, a black guy with a mustache and a bald white guy wearing sunglasses entering the building through the metal detectors.

BACK TO:

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Tina and Matt continue down the terminal, heading for the baggage claim exit...

HELM

I spotted the bald guy by himself wearing a hairpiece and sideburns on our plane out this morning.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Matt has sunglasses on and is pretending to be asleep.
He's really fixated on a guy getting on the plane...

...the same guy from the federal building, looking exactly as Matt just described him...

BACK TO:

EXT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Matt and Tina head outside and march over to the parking lot for one of those airport hotels.

HELM

And the black guy was in the bar with us just a minute ago, wearing glasses and dressed in a suit.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Matt and Seth are having their conversation at the corner booth... but while Seth is talking, this time we notice Matt checking out the black guy at the bar...

...the same guy, though dressed differently, who was in the Federal building with the bald guy.

BACK TO:

EXT. AIRPORT HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They head for the front doors...

TINA
Who are they?

HELM
Locals hired by the West Africans is my guess.

TINA
What're you planning on doing about it?

HELM
Before or after I kill them?

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL HOTEL - NIGHT

Matt stands at a check-in desk speaking with a HOTEL CLERK, though we don't exactly hear what he is saying. Tina stands against a wall, talking into her cell phone.

The lobby is large, if not exactly fancy...

A large mirror spans the wall behind the reception counter.

Though the hotel clerk is talking, Matt is focused only on the mirror... and what he sees happening behind him.

A YOUNG WOMAN in her early twenties walks into the lobby, doesn't look his way at all, and plops onto a small sofa on the opposite side of the room. She pulls out a romance book and starts flipping through it.

HOTEL CLERK
...you know where the elevators are?

This draws Matt's attention back to the task at hand.

HELM
No... which way...?

HOTEL CLERK
Behind you, against the far wall. Next to the dining area.

HELM

Thank you.

Matt grabs his room key and heads toward Tina. She hangs up the phone just as Matt reaches her.

TINA

Propes wants a briefing on what you've found.

HELM

Too late for that.

Matt heads to the elevators with Tina on his heels. He looks at the young woman in the lobby, but she never looks up from her book.

IN THE ELEVATOR:

As soon as the door's close...

TINA

Matt, I'm just going to tell it to you straight. This is starting to sound like Ramsey all over again. You thought you knew what was what and you didn't. You stiffed the wrong guy.

HELM

That was never confirmed.

TINA

I'm confirming it now. No one like the guys you described are here. Maybe you got this one wrong.

HELM

They've handed it off.

TINA

To whom? I didn't see anyone down there.

HELM

Trust me.

Tina tries to hold her resolve, but Matt's is just greater...

HELM (CONT'D)

You still carry that German steel?

Tina doesn't react... then finally, she puts both hands behind her head...

...just as the doors open...

and an ELDERLY COUPLE stands there, waiting to get on the elevator. What they see, is a smoking hot woman, her hands behind her in a submissive position, and a guy standing there, waiting for something.

TINA
(to the couple)
Going down?

ELDERLY WOMAN
(disgusted)
Let's take the stairs.

The elderly man looks disappointed as the doors close and Tina pulls her hands back in front of her.

When she opens her right palm, a six inch piece of highly tempered GERMAN STEEL with the edges honed and a black handle is resting in it.

TINA
What are you going to do with it?

Matt takes it from her, then taps the "L" button for the lobby with the end of the knife. Then he slides his watch off and puts it in his pocket.

HELM
I'm going to make a point.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open and Tina and Matt walk out.

Matt makes a bee-line for the young woman who is still sitting on the lobby sofa, reading her romance novel.

He stops when he stands right in front of her.

HELM
(loudly)
Hello there!

She looks up casually, decides he must be talking to someone else, and looks back down at her book. Then she looks up a second time.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'm sorry?

She's quite pretty. Looks like the trophy wife of a young Senator.

HELM

You didn't tell us you were coming to town! We should get a drink.

TINA

Matt, this isn't...

YOUNG WOMAN

(uncomfortable)

Excuse me? Do we know each other?

HELM

(ignoring the question)

Let's see. It looks like the bar will be closing soon, why don't we head up to our room. We can raid the...

TINA

(really concerned)

Matt...

HELM

...mini-bar up there. Just a quick drink to catch up.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'm sorry. There must be some mistake.

Matt plops down on the sofa right next to her, the CAMERA QUICKLY MOVES DOWN TO HIS HAND...

...where we see him take Tina's knife, and bury it's tip in the young woman's side. Just deep enough to get her attention!

Her eyes go wide, and her indrawn breath becomes a soft, hissing gasp, but she doesn't scream.

Tina is very uncertain about this development. She's trying to appear normal in case anyone is watching.

TINA

(in a hushed tone)

Matt, you're being absurd. She's not --

HELM

(still to the young woman)

Sure... we'll just have a short one. Up in the room. For the road.

The girl looks terrified. She's on the verge of tears.

YOUNG WOMAN

(whispers)

Who are you? What do you want?

HELM

We're just some friends who want to have a drink with you. Up in our room.

YOUNG WOMAN

But I don't understand. I'm sure... there must be some terrible misunderstanding.

HELM

No, there's perfect understanding. Let's move to the elevator.

He holds that knife into her side as she obeys, looking like a rabbit with a pack of wild dogs after her.

They step to the elevator, which is open, waiting for them.

Blood is starting to pool on her sweater.

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR:

As soon as the doors close...

TINA

What the fuck are you doing?

HELM

She came in behind us, just like I thought someone would.

TINA

But you didn't see her before?

HELM

I'm seeing her now. Clearly.

TINA

You're wrong again, Matt. Look at her.
Does she look like a counter-spook?

HELM

The dead girl outside of Best Buy didn't
look like a counter-spook...

The young woman's eyes go wide at the mention of a dead girl.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh, gawd...

Matt pulls the knife from her side.

HELM

Okay, enough with the knife. Know that
you now have a gun aimed at your back.
You're welcome to check if you like.

The young woman hesitates, but then turns her head slightly, to see Matt's Glock.

YOUNG WOMAN

What? What do you want me to do?

HELM

I want you to call in your team.

The girl is crying real tears now.

YOUNG WOMAN

My t-team?

HELM

That's right. I want to see all of them,
out in the open, so we can have ourselves
a nice chat. What's the terminate
signal?

YOUNG WOMAN

I don't know any...

HELM

Sure you don't...

TINA

Matt... I'm going to ask you something
and I want you to give me an honest
answer.

HELM

(annoyed)

What?

TINA

Did you take your medication today?

HELM

Oh, don't give me that shit. You're the
one missing the signs today.

TINA

And if you're wrong?

HELM

Then I'll offer a heart-felt apology.

YOUNG WOMAN

I was... I was just waiting on my
husband. He's an optician. He's here
for a conference. If we go to the front
desk, they'll confirm it.

She turns to Tina, pleading...

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Tell him. Tell him he's got the wrong
person. Is he crazy or something?

HELM

You look at her again and I'll smash the
side of your face in.

Jesus, he really sounds crazy.

Just then, the doors open...

IN THEIR HALLWAY:

...and the trio step out into the empty hotel corridor.

TINA

Matt, this is like deja fucking vu.

HELM

Don't doubt me again, Tina. I'm right about this. I need you to believe that.

But even we are starting to doubt him. The girl is so fragile-looking.

TINA

But we're not prepared even if you are right. You think the two of us can handle a team alone? I'm calling Frank...

She pulls out her cell phone, but Matt grabs it out of her hand and throws it into the wall, SMASHING it.

HELM

Not until I get first crack at this.

TINA

Oh, I see. Fuck all that shit about teamwork, working with a goddamn plan. You'll just go it alone like last time!

HELM

That's right.

They stop in front of their door.

HELM (CONT'D)

(to the young woman)

I wanted to give your associates plenty of time to get up to my room.

YOUNG WOMAN

I don't...

HELM

So here's the key. If you need to knock a certain way to let them know not to shoot the first person through the door, then do it. But I promise you that you're leading the way.

YOUNG WOMAN

(losing it)

You're making a mistake!

HELM

Then you've got nothing to worry about. Open the door.

TINA

(to the woman)

Listen to me, lady. If I pull my gun on him, he will kill me. I'm going to go get help. You just do whatever he says until I get back...

She heads quickly away, so Matt concentrates back on the girl, too far in to quit now.

HELM

Open it. Walk straight in.

She puts the key in, and right when she does, he KICKS HARD, slamming the door back.

He shoves the girl forward, and they step...

INSIDE THE HOTEL ROOM:

...which is still empty. The girl has fallen onto the bed, in a seating position.

Matt looks around, a little surprised to be alone. The woman starts to get up...

HELM

Stay right there.

She freezes, looking at the gun.

YOUNG WOMAN

(with hatred)

She bailed out on you! She knows how wrong you are!

HELM

I'm going to tell you this one time. Shut up or I'll shut you up with the barrel of this gun.

He stoops and picks up her purse. After fishing through it...

HELM (CONT'D)

(reading)

Mary Frances Chatham. Mrs. Roger Chatham.

She starts to say something, then clenches her teeth, thinking better of it.

HELM (CONT'D)
Okay, stand up.

YOUNG WOMAN
(spits, sarcastic)
Mother may I?

HELM
What?

YOUNG WOMAN
It's a game from when we were kids. It's
called...

Matt suddenly knocks her upside the head with the gun,
not enough to knock her teeth out, but enough to make her
wobble.

HELM
I did this a long time, Mary Frances
Chatham. Long enough to know all about
young operatives who fucking talk until
the opposition is so bored or distracted
there's a moment to get a concealed
weapon up. The next time you open your
mouth without being asked, you'll lose
some teeth. Is that clear?

She nods, her eyes flashing.

HELM (CONT'D)
Now stand up.

She does.

HELM (CONT'D)
Good. Now, strip.

YOUNG WOMAN
(panicky)
What?

HELM
Take off your clothes. Remove them.
Unpeel.

YOUNG WOMAN
But...

Matt shifts the gun to his left hand... and takes out
the KNIFE again with his right.

HELM

Listen to me. I'm quite certain I can get that sweater off of you. Or you can take it off yourself.

She keeps her eyes right on the gun, then blinks away tears.

Finally, she slowly peels off the sweater, revealing a black bra.

HELM (CONT'D)

Okay, Mrs. Roger Chatham, optician's wife. Now, the skirt.

They stare at each other for several seconds. Giving in, she unzips her skirt and lets it fall.

HELM (CONT'D)

Okay, put your hands against the wall. If you take them off the wall, I'll shoot you in the back. Do you understand?

Flushed, and now trembling, she nods and then puts her hands on the wall.

He moves over to her clothes and rummages through them, like an expert.

Then he moves to her by the wall, and checks through her hair, but doesn't find anything.

HELM (CONT'D)

Okay, put your clothes back on.

YOUNG WOMAN

What?

HELM

You made two mistakes.

She hurries to her clothes and starts putting them back on.

YOUNG WOMAN

What the hell are you talking about?

HELM

I mean I gave you a test, twice, and you failed both times.

(beat)

First, you didn't scream.

(MORE)

HELM (CONT'D)

A nice, innocent optician's wife,
suddenly stuck in the side with a blade
should've screamed bloody murder.

She looks at him vehemently, still putting her sweater
on.

HELM (CONT'D)

And second, when I smacked you with the
gun barrel... you didn't move your hand
to the spot. Oh, you started to, but
then you remembered the gun and that if
you made a sudden movement, I might shoot
you. That's a professional reaction...

YOUNG WOMAN

If you'd only listen to me...

Just then, the TELEPHONE starts RINGING. She can't help
but look at it, but she knows she can't make a move to
pick it up.

They stand there, facing each other, letting the
instrument toll on the stand between them.

It rings, and rings, and rings... with each ring building
the tension in the room to the boiling point.

Finally, it falls silent.

HELM

It was a nice play, really. You showed
me a couple of faces on our tail to put
me on alert. Then you appeared, all nice
and calm... and sat in my lobby. Where
would I take you to get some privacy? Up
here.

YOUNG WOMAN

Will you just listen...

HELM

(ignoring her)

Fuck me. Fuck me. That's why they
weren't in the room when we came back.
They left you a gun somewhere... The
phone is the signal they're coming and
they left you a gun...

He starts tossing the cushions off the hotel room chair.
Then he starts flinging the pillows off the bed, nearly
manic now.

All the while keeping that gun pointed at her.

The girl is getting more and more anxious.

HELM (CONT'D)
Where is it...

YOUNG WOMAN
You really don't know...

HELM
Dammit! Where the hell...

Finally, she can't take it anymore...

YOUNG WOMAN
(spits)
Mr. Helm, listen to me!

Holy shit! Matt's been right the whole time! He stops... looks at her with a slight smile.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
Yes I know your name! I know your other ones too. McGuire. Leopard. Nash.

Now they can hear FOOTSTEPS IN THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE. Matt raises his gun and gets ready.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
(panicky)
Don't shoot anyone!

The handle starts to turn. Nothing.

HELM
(to himself)
Come on. Come on.

Then the sound of a key going in the lock...

YOUNG WOMAN
Dammit, Matt! Don't you see? Oh fuck...

And just then the door is thrown open!

Matt raises his pistol to fire...

...and the woman jumps in front of him, ready to give up her life...

...he can't believe it...

...and he doesn't pull the trigger, stopping his finger at the last second...

...because he recognizes the guy coming through the door.

PROPEs.

HELM
(confused)
Mr. Propes?

Propes is older, with gray hair, glasses, and a stern face.

Just then, FIVE BURLY MEN come through the door behind Propes, tackling Matt off of his feet.

Matt doesn't think, he reacts... giving it his best... throwing punches, headbutts, elbows, teeth and whatever else he can manage.

HELM (CONT'D)
Get the fuck off me.

It is five-on-one in the friendly confines of a fifty square foot hotel room, and Matt holds his own for as long as he can...

...but even the best street brawler can get outnumbered, and the young woman CLOCKS Matt in the back of the head with the butt of a pistol so that...

...ALL GOES DARK.

FADE OUT.

For a moment, all we have is a black screen and labored BREATHING.

Then a door opens, spilling light into...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

...a bare room where Matt is chained to a metal chair.

His face is bruised and bloody, much worse for wear. He squints against the new light in the room, his eyes adjusting slowly.

Into the room walks Propes. His reproachful eyes look down on Matt.

PROPEs

You want to do this easy or hard? By easy I mean you tell me what I want to know and then I have my men take out your eyes before choking you to death.

(beat)

You know the hard way. Hell, you wrote the book on it.

Helm is still confused.

HELM

Why don't you start by telling me why I'm being chained to this chair like an animal...

PROPEs

Who are you working for?

HELM

What?

PROPEs

Why'd you kill Zimmermann and Olmstead?

HELM

What the fuck're you talking about?

PROPEs

I had Tina tailing you the last two weeks...

HELM

Tailing me?

PROPEs

...she has surveillance tape of you plotting and executing...

HELM

She fucking assigned me the job!

PROPEs

Why'd you kill them?

HELM

I'm trying to tell you. It was the job. The quick-strike job she...

PROPEs

What do you know about Zimmermann and Olmstead?

HELM
(frustrated)
What? I was sitting in the suburbs just
like you told me for three long fucking
years when...

PROPEs
The hard way, then?

Matt pulls against his restraining chains...

HELM
Jesus Christ, I'm trying to tell you...

The door opens behind Propes and Tina saunters in flanked
by Frank.

HELM (CONT'D)
(to Tina)
Christ, Tina... tell him you brought me
in...

...but Helm's words die in his mouth as Frank cuts
Propes' throat before the old man even has a moment to
react. Tina just watches Propes fall and then focuses
her eyes on Matt.

After an eternity...

TINA
I told you you had the wrong girl...

HELM
(roars)
What the fuck!?

TINA
You killed two scientists the government
had in witness protection. Naturally,
that stirred up a bit of a hornet's
nest...

Helm looks at Propes's blank eyes, realization washing
over him.

HELM
You used me.

TINA
Well, I failed really. You spotted
Propes's counter-tail and I had to
ratchet everything up a notch.

HELM

You're playing both sides. Right under Propes's nose, you put your own quick strike team together...

TINA

Freelance work pays really well in our business, Matt. You'd be surprised...

HELM

But she saw you with me...

TINA

The optician's wife? Frank already had his way with her. She's not talking any time soon.

MATT

Jesus, Tina. What about the girl at Best Buy?

TINA

Just a neighbor in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Matt can't believe he walked into this. Frank sneers at him, pulls out a smoke and lights it with his zippo.

HELM

(to Tina)

I'm gonna kill you. You know that, right?

Tina moves right up to him and straddles him. He's restrained by the chains and can do nothing. She puts her arms around his neck and leans right into his ear.

TINA

The only thing you're gonna do is die knowing you should've never called me soft.

She bites his ear, a gesture somewhere between sex and torture, gets up, and heads for the door. She pauses in the doorway...

TINA (CONT'D)

By the way... three years ago, you were right about Ramsey.

HELM

Then why'd I get exiled?

TINA

Because Propes trusted you the most. He was going to use you in a long range op. Guess he never will... not now that you've killed him.

With that, she's out the door, leaving Frank behind. And by the looks of him, he's ready for a little payback.

FRANK

Five items, is it? That's what you always ask for? Well I just brought two.

He pockets his zippo and instead pulls out a second knife, so that he now has one in each fist.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We'll have ourselves a little rough and tumble and then I'll kill the man who just slit the throat of our chief of ops.

Matt just stares at him, gravely.

HELM

Let me give you a hypothetical.

Frank doesn't know what to make of this...

HELM (CONT'D)

Hypothetically speaking, your traitor bitch Tina always keeps a six inch blade of German steel tucked under her hair. Hypothetically, she made a mistake climbing on top of me in this chair, giving me a chance to get at it. And right now, I might be using that blade to free my hands so that when you come at me with those two big clumsy knives, I'm gonna take 'em from you and bury 'em in your throat. Hypothetically.

Frank quickly moves around behind Matt to check the restraints and as soon as he does...

Matt plants both feet on the ground and kicks the chair over, so that it falls straight backward, landing on Frank's feet. Surprise is with him, and Matt kicks both his legs up and gets them wrapped around Frank's neck in a choke hold!

Frank tries to twist out of it, but Matt's legs are up to the task.

Still on his back, he pulls those legs downward to ram Frank's head into the concrete floor. The knives go flying. At the same time, Matt arches his back and hops up and down on the ground until his weight causes the metal chair to snap... freeing him... even though his hands are still chained together...

Frank is able to spin up, but he's dazed. Matt goes in hard, head-butting him and then kneeing him in the forehead on the way down...

On the ground, Frank reaches for one of his knives... gets to it... rolls over...

...just as Matt comes down on his neck with Frank's other knife... plunging it into his throat, just like he said he would. Frank GURGLES... but it's over... the life goes out of his eyes.

Matt's face is splayed with blood, and he's got that insane look working again.

He wedges a piece of the broken chair into the chains on his hands, then uses his feet for leverage... straining, straining...

...until the chains give way and snap off.

Freed, Matt grabs up the knife in Frank's hand and heads for the door... Slowly, carefully, he opens it, revealing...

A TIGHT HALLWAY:

...with no one in it. Helm steps outside of the interrogation room just as...

...a guy with a clipboard rounds the corner. Only we've seen this guy before: he's the Mexican guy, Fernando, who was selling magazine subscriptions at Helm's house! Holy shit, Helm was right... his paranoia was founded...

The dude takes one look at Helm holding a knife and covered in blood and his eyes go wide as plates.

He slaps a red ALARM button on the wall and sprints the fuck out of there.

Now an ALARM is BLARING. Helm hurries around a corner, into a...

MANUFACTURING FACTORY:

...what is obviously the front for where Propes does his dirty work. MEN in full blowtorch masks are using acetylene torches to weld helicopter parts together.

Helm stares at them, then spots the open hangar doors to the front of the warehouse, which are now guarded by conspicuous government agents. He gets an idea.

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR:

The alarm still BLARING, Tina and Fernando hustle up a hallway. Tina is obviously very concerned. They round a corner...

MANUFACTURING FACTORY:

...where agents are escorting the workers out of the building...

Tina checks all the faces... she sees one guy still wearing his welder's mask and forces it off him...

...but it isn't Matt.

Just then, she hears a HELICOPTER ENGINE revving up. She and Fernando race over to where a new helicopter has just been completed... the huge rotors start to turn on top of the chopper...

Tina zeroes in on the man behind the controls, but as she gets close... she realize it's Frank, dead, planted in the front seat...

She also looks down to see Frank's dead body is holding that zippo lighter, which is lit, in its hand...

...and an overturned gas can is next to him! Gas slowly pools up in the helicopter's seat as the flammable liquid keeps pouring out.

TINA
(to Fernando)
Move!!! Now!!!

They dive for it, just as the gas pools up enough to hit the zippo and...

...BOOOOM!!! The just assembled helicopter goes up in flames... sending the rotor careening like a buzzsaw through the warehouse...

...everyone dives out of the way...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

...and Helm has just the distraction he needs to slide out the front doors of the hangar and disappear into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HELM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Helm watches from the shadows of a neighbor's house as the fucking Cable Guy leaves another yellow sticky note on Helm's front door, then smirking, walks back to his Comcast truck and pulls away.

A FIGURE in Matt's living room window catches his eye, just a shadow... and then he is gone.

INT. HELM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

The figure is rummaging through a drawer in Helm's kitchen, looking for something...

...when suddenly, Helm grabs the figure from behind and immediately has his arm pinned behind his back and his throat clutched with an iron grip.

In the same instant, Matt flips him on to the ground and lands down on top of him...

...and now we see the figure is Seth!

Matt's eyes are hard as steel.

SETH
(choking, pleading)
I... didn't... know...

Matt checks Seth's eyes. What he sees there makes him loosen his grip.

HELM

How many?

Seth is still trying to catch his breath...

SETH

What?

HELM

How many does she have working for her?

SETH

I haven't seen anyone other than Frank and Duke.

HELM

Then just Duke now. And you.

SETH

No! Not me! I swear.

HELM

Why should I believe that?

SETH

I'm here, aren't I?

HELM

Just like you were at Best Buy?

Matt looks at Seth, something telling him to trust this kid.

HELM (CONT'D)

Let's go.

SETH

What?

HELM

I just moved in and would prefer not to have the place shot to shit.

With that, he jerks Seth back to his feet, right in front of a window. And just when we pause long enough to think nothing's gonna happen... GUNFIRE ERUPTS THROUGH the window...

...blasting the kitchen to hell.

Helm knocks Seth down, propelling them both into the...

LIVING ROOM:

...where they scramble toward the bedroom.

AT THE FRONT DOOR:

The BULLET BARRAGE stops.

Tina enters the front door, fisting a pistol. There is unmistakable excitement in her eyes.

TINA
(sing-songy)
Anyone home?

She can see into the kitchen, where Duke is crouched low, also with a pistol.

TINA (CONT'D)
(still calling out)
The cable guy left a note, Matt. It
looks like you're gonna have to
reschedule.

IN THE BEDROOM:

Matt moves away from Seth to reach into a bottom drawer of a bureau and take out a few guns.

HELM
(whispers)
Always keep your guns in the low drawers.

He slides one across the floor to Seth.

HELM (CONT'D)
On TV they always stick them in the top
drawer where they have to stand up to get
to 'em. Big mistake.

IN THE LIVING ROOM:

Tina signals to Duke to check out the back of the house. He disappears from view.

TINA
(still calling out)
Ma-att? Which room do you want me to
fuck you in?

She's checking around the living room.

IN THE BEDROOM:

Seth stares at the pistol in his hand, uneasy, as Matt
scrambles back over to him.

SETH
Is this one of those tests where you give
me an unloaded gun to see if I'm going to
point it at you.

HELM
Point it at me and find out.

Helm is getting in a better position, so he can see
through the hallway into the living room. The CAMERA
TRACKS DOWN and we see he pulled something else out of
the bottom drawer... a small black box with a button on
it.

From his position, he spies Tina's shadow in the living
room as she slides closer.

HELM (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Remember the refrigerator you bought me I
stuck in the corner.

SETH
The fifth item?

HELM
Yeah. Ever wonder why I would put a
refrigerator in my living room?

IN THE LIVING ROOM:

The CAMERA FINDS THE REFRIGERATOR and pushes in behind
it. For the first time, we see Helm has wired up the
back of the little fridge with explosives.

IN THE BEDROOM:

HELM

Under the bed, head for daylight and
don't look back until we get to your car.

SETH

What'd you...

But Helm doesn't answer the question, he just presses the
button and...

IN THE LIVING ROOM:

...Tina hears a little CLICK over by the fridge, which
gives her just enough time to dive as...

...KA-BOOOM! The fridge blows up half the living room,
and...

IN THE BEDROOM:

...Seth dives under the bed, where he finds a cut-away
trap door opening down to the crawl space under the
house. Fuck, Helm wasn't taking any chances.

He drops through the trap door and army-crawls toward the
back patio, Matt is just behind him. When he reaches a
small grate, he shoves it out, shimmies through and rises
to his feet, just as...

...Duke draws back the hammer on a gun, positioned point
blank at Seth's temple. Seth holds his hands up...

But then Duke drops OUT OF FRAME as Helm takes care of
business, shooting out his ankles and then putting one in
his head, all in the blink of an eye.

HELM

(all business)

Keep moving.

Seth doesn't have to be told twice. The pair book it out
of there, jump into Seth's car and...

EXT. HELM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

...Tina just has a second to see them peel out down the street as she comes flying out of Helm's front door, bloody, gun raised, firing until she fully unloads her gun.

IN SETH'S CAR:

Seth is breathing like he just finished the Boston Marathon.

SETH

Whoa.

HELM

We need a place to hole up.

SETH

I'm on it.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: A small black box full of circuits gripped in a hand.

As we pull back, we realize...

EXT. APPLEBY'S - NIGHT

...Helm and Seth are sitting on a bench outside of a crowded Appleby's.

HELM

This thing lights up when our table's ready?

SETH

Yeah.

HELM

And people fucking wait to get into this place?

SETH

Shouldn't be too long...

Just then, the box lights up and Seth smiles as if to say, "see?"

INT. APPLEBY'S - NIGHT

Helm and Seth sit in one of those shitty Appleby's booths. Helm doesn't look too happy being there.

HELM

So how'd you figure it out? That Tina was working for the Africans?

SETH

It was at the second kill. Olmstead.

FLASH: That courthouse stairwell where Helm chokes Olmstead to death with the boot laces, but we'll see it from a different angle.

SETH (CONT'D)

You told me to be confident, remember? Well, after I sent him down the stairwell... I figured the building was cleared out, so I broke into his office and stole his laptop...

FLASH: Done with killing Olmstead, Helm looks up the stairwell to see a wide-eyed Seth. Only this time, we notice Seth is carrying a laptop satchel over his shoulder.

SETH (CONT'D)

When you left me at the airport to go with Tina...

But just then, an APPLEBY'S WAITER approaches the table, of course interrupting the conversation the way Appleby's waiters are trained to do.

APPLEBY'S WAITER

(full of sunshine)

Howdy, folks. Can I get you started with some of our famous cheese and artichoke dip?

HELM

(cuts him off, annoyed)

Burgers and fries. Both of us.

APPLEBY'S WAITER

You want our new Quesadilla Burger? That's a perfect combo of southwest seasoned Angus beef with a Mexi-Ranch dressing, and a...

HELM

Just get us some goddamn burgers and don't come back until they're done. And then drop them off and don't say a fucking word.

The guy's face falls. He heads off in a hurry.

HELM (CONT'D)

(to Seth)

Go ahead.

SETH

Ummm... okay. What was I saying?

HELM

When I left you at the airport...

SETH

Oh yeah.

As he talks, we see...

CUT TO:

INT. SETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

...Seth pecking away at the laptop in his tiny apartment.

SETH (V.O.)

When you didn't come back, I took Olmstead's laptop home and started opening the data. He had a few ASCII files protected, but this was short-bus hackery, trust me. Olmstead documented everything, like he was trying to protect himself. Not that that did him any good against you.

A spreadsheet comes to life on Seth's screen.

BACK TO:

INT. APPLEBY'S - NIGHT

SETH

The first two were being blackmailed to sell out by the third guy Conley.

(MORE)

SETH (CONT'D)

But Conley didn't just want to sell the blueprints of the spider bomb, but an actual working bomb itself.

HELM

Jesus.

FLASH: The three scientists -- Zimmermann, Olmstead, and Conley -- argue amongst themselves. It's obvious Conley is the leader. There's something just a little evil about him.

SETH

Zimmermann and Olmstead were trying to talk him out of it but Conley said his customers would kill them if they didn't cooperate.

HELM

Which is exactly what we did.

SETH

Yep.

HELM

And the West Africans?

SETH

I think that there are more players than just them. One mistake Tina made was to have me set up her whole system so I knew where all the back doors were. She's got linked accounts to banks all over, all ready to go. That's when I knew she had flipped. And that she had brought you in to be the fall guy.

HELM

You said she's linked to various banks?

SETH

That's right. But they're all separate, and they're not all doing business in Africa. Another funny thing is that all the new transactions are pending, like a murderer's row Ebay auction.

HELM

Which is exactly what's she's doing.
Holding an auction.

Seth smiles, like it all makes perfect sense to him now.

HELM (CONT'D)
There's something else.

SETH
What's that?

HELM
You tell me. What's missing here? Why
has the auction not taken place?

Seth's wheels turn, then he gets it... holy shit.

SETH
Because the buyers want to see if the
blueprints are legit.

HELM
And the best way to do that is with a
demonstration.

Just then, their same waiter approaches with two plates
of burgers. Before he can leave, Helm grabs him by the
arm and pulls him down toward his face.

HELM (CONT'D)
Let me tell you something...
(reads his name-tag)
Jerry. I have a nose like a fucking
basset hound. If I lean down and smell
anything funny on my burger, I'm going to
take you behind this restaurant and pop
your head under my front tire. Now if
you'd rather take these burgers back and
get us two more before I sniff 'em,
that's your prerogative.

Helm releases his arm and terrified, without saying a
word, the waiter just takes the two burgers back toward
the kitchen.

Helm turns back to Seth like nothing happened.

HELM (CONT'D)
So we have to figure how and when this is
going down.

SETH
Tomorrow at 3. Washington, DC. The
train station.

HELM
How the hell do you know that??

SETH

I don't question how you kill people... just know she made a mistake recruiting someone with my skills and not telling me who the fuck I was really working for. I cross-referenced the DNS until I had Conley's IPs. From there he only changed his system to an unprivileged port trying to do "security through obscurity." I mean these guys may know how to build...

HELM

Okay, Jesus. Forget I asked.

SETH

(pleased with himself)

Long story short... Conley fucking put his schedule on an Outlook calendar. He didn't even enable his password.

Just then, the waiter drops off the new burgers and Helm immediately takes a huge bite. Surprisingly, the burger is pretty good.

He chews, thinking. The same way he was thinking in Tina's headquarters as he planned out each kill.

He pulls out a pen and grabs a napkin to write on, ready.

Seth grins...

SETH (CONT'D)

I know, I know... five things...

And just when we see Helm start to write the first item, we...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Matt looks at himself in a small hotel mirror as he shaves. His eyes are hard; he's got his game face on.

He finishes, rinses, and walks back out to the main room, wearing only a towel. Framed in the window is the Washington Monument.

The door opens and Seth enters, carrying a large burlap sack...

SETH

All right. I ran all the fuck over town but I got the items. This came out of my own personal checking account by the way...

HELM

Let's see 'em.

Seth opens the sack and dumps its contents on the bed.

SETH

Okay, let's see. Item one: a cannister of Right Guard under-arm deodorant...

Helm snatches it up, sprays under both arms, nods, and then tosses it back on to the bed.

SETH (CONT'D)

Oh-kay... Item two: one thousand dollars in twenty-dollar bills. And, let's see... Item three: a remote control car with a sixty-yard range.

HELM

Perfect.

Seth tosses the burlap sack on to the bed.

SETH

And item four... a 46 inch by 96 inch burlap sack.

HELM

Excellent work.

SETH

But what about the fifth item?

HELM

It will show up later.

SETH

That's all you're going to tell me?

HELM

Yeah. You ready?

SETH

You gonna tell me how this is going to go down?

The CAMERA PUSHES IN on Matt, as grave as we've seen him...

HELM

Yeah.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNION STATION - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

The place is large and modern and bustling. Commuters and travelers and employees and businessmen and women all scurry about like ants out of an anthill.

The place is divided into two parts -- a giant indoor mall, replete with shops, restaurants, and kiosks galore. The second part is the...

TRAIN TERMINAL:

...where thirty trains come in through the tunnels to dock at various incoming ramps. As soon as the trains stop, passengers disembark in a mass chaos as they head out of the terminal.

The CAMERA FINDS Helm and Seth, standing near one of the tunnels. Seth is dressed like a janitor. He's got a mop bucket and mop. Helm looks like a normal businessman.

HELM (V.O.)

We know from his schedule, Conley's coming in on the 3:10 train from Boston.

CUT TO:

INT. AMTRAC TRAIN - DAY

Conley rides in a comfortable seat, nervously reading the BOSTON GLOBE. The camera tracks down to see he has a SILVER SUITCASE at his feet.

BACK TO:

HELM'S HOTEL ROOM:

Matt is still telling Seth the plan, before it gets going...

HELM

What we don't want to deal with is mass chaos getting on and off the train. We want to control the chaos, until we want to unleash the chaos.

TRAIN TERMINAL:

Helm and Seth mill there. Helm is checking out all the pedestrians, his eyes hidden behind shades.

Seth stoops down to his bucket, pulls out the remote control car, and sets it on the ground, right next to the opening of the tunnel. For the first time, we see he's duct taped the Right Guard can to the top of it.

WHIRRRR. The car heads inside the tunnel, down the sidewalk adjacent to the train tracks, as the CAMERA CHASES AFTER it.

ON THE TRACKS:

Conley's train heads up the tunnel for Union Station.

INSIDE THE TRAIN:

Conley folds his paper and stands up.

IN THE TUNNEL:

The remote control car continues to haul ass down the small sidewalk bordering the tracks.

BACK IN HELM'S HOTEL ROOM:

Seth is still listening to Matt, who is flipping the aerosol can over and over in his hand.

MATT

So what we need is a small rail fire under the train engine. Not enough to elicit anti-terrorist response or cause a fucking ruckus. Just enough to get the conductor to stop the train short of the terminal...

IN THE TERMINAL:

Seth jams the driving control on the remote to the left, and immediately...

IN THE TUNNEL:

...the remote control car suddenly swings left, off the sidewalk, and tumbles on to...

THE TRACKS:

...just as Conley's train approaches. The wheels hit the aerosol can and FWOOOM! Sparks shoot out and the rail wheels flame up.

IN THE CONDUCTOR'S BOOTH:

The main conductor looks at his video-screens to see the train wheels on fire, then hangs his head out the window to make sure he's seeing what he's seeing.

He shuts down the engines and picks up a phone.

CONDUCTOR

Union Station, we've got a little axle fire. I'm going to roll up short.

PHONE

Roger, keep it short, eight-eight-four. You want passengers unloaded there?

CONDUCTOR

Copy that. Fire's out. Just a little smoke, but then we'll get the passengers all off and take a look.

ON THE TRAIN:

Conley feels the train stopping short and looks around nervously, his knuckles white where he clutches the handle of the silver case.

The conductor's voice comes over the PA.

CONDUCTOR

Passengers, please get ready to disembark here and follow the exit lights out of the tunnel. We've got a bit of an engine problem and will have to let you off here. Sorry for the inconvenience. No rushing please.

IN THE TUNNEL:

The doors open and the passengers slowly step on to the same narrow sidewalk the remote control car was racing down moments before.

The walkway is narrow, so every one has to come off single file.

IN THE TERMINAL:

Passengers start to come out of the tunnel, while police and fire crews step on to the tracks to head toward the train.

The CAMERA FINDS SETH who moves toward a nearby bathroom door, while Helm watches the passengers file out of the entrance.

Seth pulls a yellow "Wet Floor - Do Not Enter" sign from the side of his bucket and enters...

THE BATHROOM:

SETH

Anyone in here?

A guy comes out of a bathroom stall.

GUY

Just me.

SETH

We got word of a rat problem in here.
Need you to clear out.

The guy makes a "shit" dismayed face and bee-lines it out of there without washing his hands.

IN THE TERMINAL:

More and more people come out in single-file as Helm watches the entrance.

Finally, Conley emerges, clutching that silver briefcase in his hand.

Helm immediately moves toward the line coming out of the tunnel, near where all the police and firemen are gathered.

As he approaches, he tosses the THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF TWENTIES into the air!

Immediately, the commuters see what's happening, free money flying around all over the place... and start going ape-shit for it! It's chaos.

IN HELM'S HOTEL:

 SETH
 (smiles)
 Control the chaos.

 HELM
 Until we want to unleash the chaos.

IN THE TERMINAL:

The cops and firemen are all distracted by the people trying to get all the money. Some of it is floating down toward them, so what the hell, they try to grab fistfuls themselves.

At the same time...

NEAR THE OPENING:

Helm pulls that burlap sack out from under his coat, unfolds it, and in a flash, swoops it over Conley's head and just as quickly...

...manhandles him toward the bathroom and through the bathroom door...

IN THE BATHROOM:

...where Seth has a chair waiting for him.

Just as quickly, Helm yanks the sack off of him so that the first thing he sees are both Seth and Helm holding Glocks point-blank at his face.

Conley is about to shit himself.

HELM

You know who I am?

Conley shakes his head, clutching his briefcase to his chest like he's protecting a puppy.

HELM (CONT'D)

I'm the guy who shot Zimmermann in his office, the guy who choked Olmstead in a courthouse stairwell, and the guy who's going to kill you, Conley, in a train-station bathroom.

CONLEY

Oh, god...

HELM

All I want is the truth and you don't have to die.

Conley nods, will do anything not to die here.

HELM (CONT'D)

Who approached you?

CONLEY

What?

HELM

Who set this all up?

CONLEY

Kristi.

HELM

Who?

CONLEY

A woman. Brunette. Beautiful. She said her name was Kristi...

(MORE)

CONLEY (CONT'D)
she said we could have five million in
cash and never have to know... we were
all going to share it and disappear...
but the others...

HELM
When? When were you first approached?

CONLEY
Months ago...

Just then, the magazine subscription guy from Helm's
house, Fernando, steps out from one of the stalls. He's
the same guy who sounded the alarm on Helm at the
warehouse!

FERNANDO
Nice work, Matt.

Seth immediately starts to swing his gun on him, but Matt
grabs his arm... stopping him...

SETH
Whoa...

HELM
Take it easy. Meet the fifth item.

Seth stares at Fernando... like he can't believe it...

SETH
What the fuck? He'll --

HELM
Clear my name. Our names.

FERNANDO
It's a good thing you didn't kill me
after I set off that alarm.

HELM
(to Seth)
Remember, the game is always on.

Helm turns back to Conley, who has nervously been
watching this back and forth.

HELM (CONT'D)
Now where exactly are you going to make
the exchange with "Kristi?"

CONLEY
What?

HELM

Don't get cold feet on me now.

CONLEY

I don't understand.

HELM

Where are you going to give her the bomb?

Realization hits Conley's eyes...

He starts to open the briefcase and all three of them cock their weapons at him, so that Conley immediately stops.

CONLEY

I was going to tell you... we already
made the exchange... on the train...

With that, he opens the case revealing not a bomb, but stacks and stacks of money... which start to spill out on to the floor.

Helm, Fernando and Seth get "oh, shit" looks on their faces as we...

CUT TO:

IN THE TERMINAL:

...Tina moving away from the crowd that is still fighting over the money, holding a BLACK BRIEFCASE, just like the one we last saw in the physicist's demonstration of the spider bomb.

IN THE BATHROOM:

Fernando immediately barks into his cell phone...

FERNANDO

...Union Station... yes, goddammit.
Right now!

...while Helm yells at Conley...

HELM

What was she wearing!

CONLEY

Uhh... black top, black pants...

As soon as he says this, Helm and Seth burst from the bathroom and...

IN THE TERMINAL:

...race out to the middle, scanning in every direction.

Just then, Helm sees a BLACK-CLAD WOMAN going up the escalator towards the main mall and all those shops. It's Tina, and she looks back and the two catch each other's eyes.

HELM

There!

That's all it takes. Tina starts pushing her way past people as she ascends, while Helm and Seth launch for the escalator...

ON THE ESCALATOR:

Helm scrambles up the center portion between the "up" and "down" escalators like a tiger seeking prey as Seth takes off for a separate stairwell.

ON THE MALL LEVEL:

Tina makes it to the top, and whips out a pistol while still carrying the briefcase. As soon as she is free of the escalator, she bolts toward the exit.

BACK AT THE ESCALATORS:

Helm gets to the top and chases after her.

AHEAD:

Tina sees a stairwell door and angles for it, just as...

...the door pops open and Seth spills out, surprised to see her coming his way.

Before he can get his gun up... BAM! Tina drops him to the ground.

She doesn't break stride as she jumps in the stairwell and races up...

AT THE STAIRWELL:

Helm starts to go after Tina, but at the last second,
kneels next to Seth...

HELM
You okay?

SETH
I'm bleeding...

HELM
Yeah... she missed and got you in the
shoulder... she was always more of a
knife-girl...

Seth looks more angry than wounded...

SETH
Go get her...

Matt nods and races...

INSIDE THE STAIRWELL:

...where he can hear her PLINKING up the stairs above
him. Helm hauls ass himself, stealing looks up the
middle of the stairwell where he can catch a glimpse of
her.

He gets up another flight and sneaks a look...

BAM! BAM! BAM! She was waiting for him and just barely
misses.

He decides to not look anymore and hustles up the stairs.

Then he hears above him...

POLICE OFFICER
Don't move! I mean it. Drop the gun.
Now get your hands in the air, lady!

Helm heads toward the sound... he gets to the top of the
stairwell, just as...

HELM
She carries a knife!

But it's too late, he just has time to see Tina whip the knife out and get it up under the cop's throat.

She uses him as a shield, her free hand holding the case...

An EXIT DOOR is open behind her... which is the ground level of the train station... escape not far away.

Helm stands on the landing below her, his gun trained on her head.

FOUR FLIGHTS BELOW:

The door opens and Seth staggers into the stairwell... His shoulder is a mess, clearly sagging...

He peers up, and the CAMERA RACES UP the four flights to see...

TOP OF THE STAIRS:

Tina hangs that suitcase bomb over the stair-rail, dangling over the precipice, while with the other hand has the knife pinned to the cop's throat!

Tina has that look in her eye, that carnal look like she got one over on Matt again.

TINA
I'm walking out of here.

HELM
Nope.

TINA
The bomb is armed, Matt. If you shoot me, I drop this case and it crashes to the floor. Then you and everyone else in a thirty mile radius join me. You want the responsibility for that?

You can see on Matt's face that clearly he doesn't. He steals a glance over the stairwell, sees Seth, bum shoulder and all, on the riser.

HELM
(calls out)
Seth?

SETH
(immediately)
Drop her.

BAM! As soon as the "drop her" leaves Seth's lips, Helm fires the shot...

...it barely clips the Cop's cheek and buries in Tina's forehead. The look on her dead face is sheer surprise...

...the case slips from her fingers and plummets...

...down, down, down...

There's no way Seth is gonna catch it...

...but he reaches out at the last second with his good arm and somehow, impossibly, grabs the handle before the case can fall any further!

The look on his own face now matches the one on Tina's... sheer and utter surprise... and relief.

UP ABOVE:

On the stairwell, Helm sits down heavily, spent, tired... and proud.

While below him and from the street... dozens and dozens of government agents spill into the stairwell, coming from all sides. The entire stairwell fills up with agents led by Fernando...

...some tend to Seth, while others tend to the cop, and Helm just lies back on the stairwell, closes his eyes like he needs a long nap, smiles and we...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - DAY

Matt and Seth enter Matt's living room, a little battered and bruised, but no worse for wear. There is a big hole in the wall from the exploded refrigerator.

HELM
...turns out you're pretty fucking good
at field work...

He heads straight for the kitchen, failing to notice Seth hasn't come in behind him.

HELM (CONT'D)

I mean I didn't doubt you could do the job, but you got instincts I don't...

For the first time, he notices Seth isn't behind him.

Just then, Seth comes through the front door wheeling in an igloo ice chest.

SETH

If we're going to get this house in order, we're going to need five items.

He sets the ice chest on the floor, pops the top, and fishes inside. ...

SETH (CONT'D)

First, I got you some wall plaster for that hole. I mean, don't get me wrong I like the view and all, it just isn't "neighborhood" friendly. Second, here's a throw for your couch; I think you'll see it matches the Coastal Fog paint. The third item is this twelve pack of beer, which you'll see fits nicely in the fourth item, this ice chest. I'm not buying you another fucking refrigerator.

Matt grabs the twelve pack and tosses Seth a beer... who drops it... they both smile.

SETH (CONT'D)

I was thinking.

HELM

Uh-oh.

SETH

Like you said, we've gotten to be quite a team.

HELM

Uh-huh.

SETH

So... what if we set up shop and went freelance?

HELM
Killing people?

SETH
I was thinking more along the lines of
private security.

Matt digests this.

HELM
What's the fifth item?

SETH
What?

HELM
The fifth item. You know there's always
five.

SETH
Oh yeah.

Seth smiles, then pulls out a BLACK BAG. Matt and Seth
share a knowing smile...

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER KING - DAY

The COMCAST CABLE GUY, the same one who has been
tormenting Helm, waits for his order at the counter of
Burger King, sucking his teeth.

After a moment, a worker hands him a white bag.

CABLE GUY
You gimme ketchup?

BURGER KING WORKER
It's in the bag.

The cable guy doesn't say "thank you," just sucks his
teeth, takes the bag and heads outside.

EXT. BURGER KING PARKING LOT - DAY

He crosses the parking lot, heading for his White Comcast
Van, whistling to himself.

As he climbs...

BEHIND THE WHEEL:

...he sucks his teeth one more time, setting the bag in the seat next to him.

And just when he starts to turn on the ignition, he glances in the rear view mirror...

...to see Matt and Seth waiting for him.

WHAM! A black bag comes down over his head, and immediately the screen...

GOES BLACK.

FADE OUT.